Provincial Library

Get in the swim with map and vim
And offer your goods for sale,
Insert an ad., its all the rad.
Don't let your stock get stale.

THE WAINWRIGHT STAR.

It's best by far to insert in the Star
Cheer up, don't look so sad,
Don't hide your goods, as if in the woods,
Get wise, put in an ad.

VOLUME III. NUMBER 3. WAINWRIGHT, ALBERTA, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1910 NORMAN, E. COOK, MANAGER

McArthur's Majority 109 Over Riley

Three Polls Yet to Hear From Which is Expected to Make His Majority 200—McArthur Polled 980 Votes and Riley 871—Not as Many Surprises as was Expected—Farmers Candidate in the McLeod District Elected Their Candidate, Robert Patterson, by Majority of 67, with One Poll to Hear From—Farmers Took Great Interest in Election.

Calgary, Oct. 3.—With three polls yet to hear from A. J. McCarthur, the Liberal candidate, has a majority of 109 over the Independent candidate, E. H. Riley, and the former's election is practically assured. The record to date shows that 1851 votes were polled in the constituency, of this number McCarthur secured 980, while Riley enrolled 871. In Calgary the Independent candidate secured a majority of 58 and early in the evening as the reports came in it looked as though he would be elected by a slight majority, but when the reports commenced to pile in from the polling places in the eastern section of the constituency those who had any such ideas speedily saw where they were mistaken.

There were not as many surprises as was at first expected there would be. In Hillhurst a comparatively light vote was polled, Riley winning the poll by 98 of a majority, but this slight lead was offset by the Liberal candidates record in Riverside and Crescent Heights, where he polled nearly double the votes secured by his opponent.

Even the most optimistic supporters of Mr. Riley admit that it is highly improbable that he will overcome McArthurs lead as two of the polls yet to hear from are in the construction camps district which it is believed will go solid for McArthur. This should run his majority up close to the two hundred mark.

MacLeod, Oct. 3.—The Farmers of the MacLeod district succeeded in electing their candidate Robert Patterson by a majority of sixty-seven with one poll to hear from. The town of MacLeod gave the government candidate, E. Maunsell, a majority of 27, but this was swept away by the vote in the country districts. A feature of the election was the interest which the farmers took in the election, practically every agriculturalist in the constituency registering his ballot. The result is looked upon here as a straight vote of want of confidence in the Sifton Government and its policy.

Methodist Church Notes

The subjects for sermons next Sunday are:—

11 a. m.—"Whatsoever Things are True."

7.30 p. m.—"Knocking."

Rev. and Mrs. Philps gave a pleasant reception to the young people of town last evening at their home on Fourth Avenue. Various games were played during the evening, the party breaking up about twelve o'clock.

The train for the west this afternoon carried five hundred laborers to Edson to work in the construction department of Foley, Welsh and Stewart.

Miss Helen Holmes visited Irma this week, being the guest of Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Collette.

The Chamberlain party left Wainwright last evening for Winnipeg after a week of successful shooting.

"Mick" Harpell was one of the Wainwright visitors who attended the Irma Fall Fair on Tuesday the 11th.

Serious Train Wreck At Oban

A bad train wreck occured at Oban, on Monday last on the Grand Trunk, in which five freight cars were derailed and the track torn up for a considerable distance. Fortunately none of the trainmen were seriously injured, as the engine did not leave the track.

Two of the cars were so badly wrecked that they were burned in the ditch. The other cars contained lumber, which was transferred to other cars.

No cause is known for the wreck, although it is thought that a kinked rail was responsible for the derailment.

The passenger, due here at 3.30 p. m. was delayed for about five hours, arriving at 8.40, p. m., causing much inconvenience to commercial men.

NEW SERIAL STORY BEGINS THIS WEEK

"The Black Rag," a new novel by Lewis Joseph Vance begins with this issue. This is a mysterious and interesting serial, full of romance and thrilling experience.

STAR SHOTS

The one and only reliable "Fat" is in town—Who is it?

Pat was "Croken" about how many chickens he would get—he did get three.

Ar "thur" many attractions at Kingston College for a local school mistress?—at least one.

If Ex-Councillor Fox had been in the Village Council much longer he would have made (1) awful men of Logan and Graham.

What happened to one of the dogs of the Chamberlain party?

The farmers of the McLeod district in electing their candidate didn't show that the automobile was going to drive the oxen out of existence.

The number of chicken sports who are daily leaving Wainwright indicates that there must be some coon blood in their veins.

L. S. Gowe Goes To Lethbridge.

Mr. L. S. Gowe, who has edited the "Star" for the past four months departed for Lethbridge on Wednesday, to become the Managing Director of a Daily to be established there by James H. Woods, the former owner of the "Star."

Mr. Gowe has well earned a deserving promotion and his Wainwright friends will watch with interest the success of the new paper.

Meeting of Fire Brigade

Ab. Mills Appointed Assistant Chief and H. C. Crampton Captain of Chemical Engine—New Engine Not Here Yet.

Several new appointments were made at the monthly meeting of the fire brigade held in the fire hall on Wednesday evening. Ab. Mills moved up to assistant chief; H. Crampton to captain of the chemical engine; B. Laird, assistant; E. James, second in charge of the hook and ladder, and Capt. Goulet as a member of the executive board.

The chief and assistant chief were appointed a committee to wait on the council in regard to the heating of the fire hall, also to make inquiry respecting the delivery of the new chemical engine ordered four months ago.

John Spry Drowned

Former Wainwright Man Meets Watery Grave in McLeod River—Prominent Figure in Real Estate Business—Promotor of Glove Factory Here.

The report of the death of John E. Spry, late of Wainwright, gave the town a surprise and a shock. Very few particulars accompanied the report other than that he met his death in the McLeod river.

After his body was taken from the river, a card was found in his pocket containing his name and business and the fact that he had been a resident of Wainwright. Local officials were then communicated with and it was found from the description forwarded that the deceased was the man who was so well known in this vicinity.

For months John was a prominent figure in Wainwright, working at anything that was at all promising and was at the same time connected with several enterprises, the history of which is still fresh in the minds of the citizens.

His career in Wainwright was a meteoric one and the number of enterprises that he engineered are still fresh in the minds of the locality. He figured particularly as a real estate agent and broker, at the same time attending to other things that he was interested in. The promotion of the famous glove factory was one of the most prominent affairs in which he figured.

Owing to lack of space many items of interest were unavoidably left out of this issue.

Houses Nearing Completion

Contractors of Town Busy—New Residences Add a Look of Prosperity and Taste to the Town—Dr. Watson Will Use New Residence as Private Hospital

Several new residences that were recently commenced are now nearing completion. The class of buildings that are being erected, speak well of the town and show that their owners are making an effort to do justice to themselves and their town.

H. V. Fieldhouse moved into his cottage on Second Avenue, during the first part of the week, having rented his former dwelling to Mrs. and Miss Aykroyd, who will occupy it during the coming winter.

Mr. Fieldhouse is also completing a brick dwelling on Queen St. which will be occupied by Principal McLean, when completed.

Dr. Watson's residence on Third Avenue is well under way and will be occupied in a few weeks. This is the largest dwelling in the town and will also be used by Dr. Watson as a private hospital.

Another fine building is being built by E. C. Logan on Fourth Avenue, which will be large and commodious. It will have an out-door sleeping apartment over the verandah, that may also be used as an alcove. This residence is also well under construction, the contractors being Buckley & Stimpson.

The C. G. Fieldhouse cottage on Queen St. is about completed and will be occupied by Mr. Fieldhouse immediately.

Party Refused Guest Licenses

Party of Grand Tuunk Officials And New Yorkers Arrive to Shoot Prairie Chicken—Guest Licenses Refused by Game Warden.

On Sunday last a party of sportsmen arrived from Winnipeg to shoot prairie chicken. The party included Mr. E. J. Chamberlain, Vice President of the Grand Trunk and several New Yorkers, making a party of six, including Mr. Chamberlain's Secretary. Previous to coming to Wainwright, guest licenses were procured from Warden Walliker, a fee of two dollars being paid for each license. In the meantime, several local men, complained to the Game Warden that the Chambelain party were not guests and therefore could not procure guest licenses.

On the arrival of the party on Sunday, it was found that the guest licenses had been cancelled. Quite a sensation was caused at this announcement, as the party had procured six chicken dogs, with a man in charge and the cancellation would cause some delay. But the party, having heard of the excellent shooting in this district, were nothing daunted and immediately procured game licenses at a cost of fifteen dollars apiece.

The Vice President was naturally somewhat put out, saying that he did not mind the fee charged for the licenses but the spirit that certain citizens had shown.

Seats and course tickets for the coming Operas are selling fast at the Wainwright Pharmacy.

Sept. Trafalgar School Report

Standard III —Ella Cummings, Vera Wilson.

Standard II —Erric MacLean, Leetta Wilson.

Standard I—Part II—Bryson Cummings, Part I—Audie Zehnder, Enid MacLean, Ray Wilson, Mamie White.

Regular Attendance for the month: Ella Cummings, Bryson Cummings, Eric MacLean, Enid MacLean, Audie Zehnder.

A. S. MacLean
Teacher.

Chicken Season Opened Oct. 1

Local Sportsmen Spend the Week End Shooting Chicken—Birds Very Tame and Plentiful—Ducks a Back Number.

The chicken season opened on Oct. 1 with sports of all nations and creeds, anxious for a feed of the tender birds.

Several parties left the town, on Saturday, the greater part of them returning in the evening. All pronounced the quantity of birds to be plentiful while the birds themselves are tamer than former years.

Those who returned brought back a large number of chicken, one party of two bringing home thirty.

It is hoped that the game laws will be respected and that the local sports will not shoot more than the lawful number in a day.

Town Lots Moving Freely

A Large Local Land Deal Put Through on Monday—Mr. Jacobs of Government Agricultural Department Buys Ten Valuable Lots in Block 43.

Mr. H. C. Duff, on Monday last, executed the transfer of ten residential lots in Block 43, Mr. W. S. Jacobs of the Agricultural Department being the purchaser.

The transfer was a particularly quiet one but was marked by much enthusiasm on the part of Mr. Jacobs.

Mr. Jacobs, since taking a course in Agricultural at the University of Arkansas, has travelled over the greater portion of the Canadian West before coming to Wainwright. He is greatly struck with the resources of this district and says that it is the best that he has yet seen. "I am confident," remarked Mr. Jacobs to the Star, "that Wainwright is bound to forge ahead or I would not have invested in such an amount of property. I think that there is an excellent opportunity for a man to start farming and stock raising here on a scientific basis."

Mr. Jacobs intends building on the lots he has purchased sometime next spring, but thinks that even if he does not build, the property will be a more valuable one, in the future.

Mr. Neil Smith is travelling with Mr. Jacobs, judging Fall Fair and both are such affable and friendly men that during their visit to Wainwright, they have formed a host of friends.

Good Progress at Council Meeting

Two Wells or Storage Tanks Will Be Built Immediately—Queen and Main Streets to Have Sidewalks—Fire Hall May Be Built this Fall—Ex-Councillor Fox Explains Goehring Bill and States that He was the Only Lawful Man on the Old Council—All Bills Unpaid by Village Council Ordered Settled—All Dogs Must be Registered.

The third meeting of the Town Council was held on Tuesday night. The old bills contracted by the Village and which remained unpaid on the incorporation of the town, were dealt with, all of them being recommended for payment. Ex-Councillor Fox was again present and explained the famous bill of Jacob Gehring, for work done on the town streets, contrary to the orders of the other members of the Council.

Resolutions were brought forward by the Public Works and Fire, Water and Light Committees setting forth their intentions for the year. The resolution of the Public Works Committee was received and accepted with the authority to proceed with the work immediately. The report of the Fire, Water and Light Committee was referred back to that committee for a further and fuller report.

The Bye Law referring to proceedings in Council was read a third time and a motion put forward and carried that it be signed by the mayor and Town Corporate Seal be attached.

The auditing of the old Council books done by F. E. Ross was again up for consideration and after some discussion, a motion passed accepting the report of Mr. Ross as correct.

The resolution of the Public Works Committee was then brought forward by Coun. Covey recommending that no grading be done this year until levels were taken; second, that a plank sidewalk be built on Main St. from 6th. Avenue to 9th. Avenue and along 9th. Avenue to the entrance of the school building; third, that a wooden sidewalk be built from 2nd. Avenue to 3rd. Avenue on Queen St.

It was moved by Coun. Watson and seconded by Coun. Crawford that the report be received and adopted and that the Committee be given full authority to proceed with the work outlined in the report. This motion was carried.

The resolution of the Fire, Water and Light Committee was then read by the Mayor, Coun. Musson being out of town. This report contained the recommendations for immediate action on the construction of two wells or storage tanks and the building of a new fire hall. This report was referred back to the committee for further report and investigation, the report to be made at the next meeting of the Council.

The various bills of the old Council were then brought forward and after some discussion, all except that of Jacob Goehring were ordered paid.

In connection with the Gehring bill, ex-Councillor Fox was called upon to state what he knew concerning it. Mr. Fox said that the work Mr. Gehring had done on the streets was quite necessary and that if it had not been done then, the streets at this time of the year would have been in a very bad condition. He ended his report by stating that Messrs. Graham and Logan were not fit to be on the old Council anyway and that he himself (Fox) was the only lawful and rightful councillor on the old Board in a tone somewhat after the nature of "the great I am."

Coun. Covey thought that if Mr. Fox had used foresight enough to see that the work was necessary that it should be paid for. After some discussion a motion passed authorizing the Finance Committee to pay Gehring's bill.

A Bye Law authorizing the Mayor and Treasurer to borrow certain monies from the Merchants' Bank for current expenses was read a first time. The Bye Law after three separate readings was unanimously carried authorizing the Mayor and Treasurer to borrow $5000 from the Merchants Bank.

The Bye Law Committee recommended the passing of a bye law for the Licensing and Regulation of Dogs. This Bye Law after receiving its first reading by Coun. Cook was then read a second and third time, carried unanimously that the Mayor be authorized to sign the Law and affix the Corporate Seal.

Coun. Watson thought that some clause ought to be added to this authorizing the constable to do away with any dog that habitually made a nuisance of itself and caused annoyance to passing persons and conveyances. This suggestion was adopted and a motion passed that this be added to the Bye Law.

As there was no other business up for consideration, it was moved, seconded and carried that the Council adjourn until Friday night, October 14.

Irma Holds First Fall Fair

The first Fall Fair that Irma has yet had was held on Tuesday of this week. A large attendance was present who pronounced the celebration a decided success.

An elaborate dinner was served by the ladies Aid of the Village from twelve o'clock until two in the afternoon. In the evening a programme of twenty dances was attended by upwards of forty couples. This was given under the auspices of the Odd Fellows who made the dance a fine success.

The Wainwright Band furnished the music for the day returning home on Wednesday.

A locality the size of Irma is certainly deserving of much credit in having a town and district of so many energetic and active promoters. The fact of the first annual fair being such a prounced success will no doubt do much towards advertising Irma and its' district.

SALE OF
Home Cooking

The ladies of St. Andrews Aid Society will hold a sale of home-made cooking and candy in the store next to Crawford's real estate office, on

October 15th

commencing at 3 p. m. A good time is assured all who come

THE BLACK BAG

By Louis Joseph Vance

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My Lady Romance has many attendants. Mainly they are clad in hauberk and helm, or they carry rapiers at their sides and swear strange oaths. But sometimes we encounter in the pages of a novel a genuine knight in modern broadcloth or in tweed, who speaks the language of our own day and may be met on Broadway or State street. Such is Philip Kirkwood, artist painter, whose adventures in pursuit of the mysterious black bag and whose heroic deeds in the service of his beautiful lady-love are worth the staying up late o' nights to read. To descend to the idiom of the day, "The Black Bag" is "the real thing" in the story line, thrilling, mysterious—but not too mysterious—and most interesting.

CHAPTER I.

UPON a certain dreary April afternoon in the year of grace 1906 the apprehensions of Philip Kirkwood, Esq., painter, were enlivened by the discovery that he was ocupying that singularly distressing social position which may be summed up succinctly in a phrase through long usage grown proverbial, "alone in London." Inevitably an extremist because of his youth (he had just turned twenty-five), he took no count of mitigating matters and would hotly have resented the suggestion that his case was anything but altogether deplorable and forlorn.

That he was not actually at the end of his resources went for nothing. He held the distinction a quibble, mockingly immaterial, like the store of guineas in his pocket, too insignificant for mention when contrasted with his needs. And his base of supplies, the American city of his nativity, whence, and not without a glow of pride in his secret heart, he was wont to register at foreign hostelries, had been arbitrarily cut off from him by one of those accidents sardonically classified by insurance and express corporations as acts of God.

Now, to one who has lived all his days serenely in accord with the dictates of his own sweet will, taking no thought for the morrow, such a situation naturally seems both appalling and intolerable, at the first blush. It must be confessed that, to begin with, Kirkwood drew a long and disconsolate face over his fix.

Then he resolutely shrugged it off and went in search of man's most faithful dumb friend—to wit, his pipe, the which, when found and filled, he lighted with a spill twisted from the envelope of a cable message.

"It's about time," he announced, watching the paper blacken and burn in the grate fire, "that I was doing something to prove my title to a living." And this was all his valedictory to a vanished competence. "Anyway, I'm a sight better off than those poor devils over there. I really have a great deal to be thankful for now that my attention's drawn to it."

For the ensuing few minutes he thought it all over, soberly, but with a stout heart, standing at a window of his bedroom in the Hotel Pless, hands deep in trousers pockets, pipe fuming voluminously, his gaze wandering out over a blurred infinitude of wet, shining roofs and sooty chimney pots.

There came a rapping at the door.

Kirkwood removed the pipe from between his teeth long enough to say "Come in!" pleasantly.

The knob was turned, and the door opened. Kirkwood, swinging on one heel, beheld, hesitant upon the threshold, a diminutive figure in the livery of the Pless pages.

"Mr. Kirkwood?"

Kirkwood nodded.

"Gentleman to see you, sir."

Kirkwood nodded again, smiling.

"Show him up, please," he said, but before the words were fairly out of his mouth a man stepped into the room.

"Mr. Brentwick!" Kirkwood almost shouted, jumping forward to seize his visitor's hand.

"My dear boy!" replied the latter. "I'm delighted to see you. Got your note not an hour ago and came at once—you see."

"It was mighty good of you. Sit down, please. Here are cigars. Why, a moment ago I was the most miserable and lonely mortal on the footstool."

"I can fancy." The elder man looked up, smiling, at Kirkwood. "The management knows me," he offered explanation of his unceremonious appearance, "so I took the liberty of following on the heels of the bell hop, dear boy. And how are you? Why the anxious undertone I detected in your note?"

He continued to stare curiously into Kirkwood's face. At a glance this Mr. Brentwick was a man of tallish figure and rather slender, with a countenance thin and flushed a sensitive pink, out of which his eyes shone, keen, alert, humorous and a trace wistful behind his glasses. His years were indeterminate, with the aspect of fifty, the spirit and the verve of thirty assorted oddly. But his hands were old, delicate, fine and fragile, and the lips beneath the drooping white mustache at times trembled, almost imperceptibly, with the generous sentiments that come with mellow age. He held his back straight and his head with an air—an air that was not a swagger, but the sign token of seasoned experience in the world. The most carping could have found no flaw in the quiet taste of his attire. To sum up, Kirkwood's very good friend, and his only one then in London, Mr. Brentwick, looked and was an English gentleman.

"Why?" he persisted as the younger man hesitated. "I am here to find out. Tonight I leave for the continent. In the meantime"—

"And at midnight I sail for the States," added Kirkwood. "That is mainly why I wished to see you—to say goodby for the time."

"You're going home"— A shadow clouded Brentwick's clear eyes.

"To fight it out, shoulder to shoulder, with my brethren in adversity."

The cloud lifted. "That is the spirit!" declared the elder man. "For the moment I did you the injustice to believe that you were running away. But now I understand. Forgive me. Pardon, too, the stupidity which I must lay at the door of my advancing years. To me the thought of you as a Parisian fixture has become such a commonplace, Philip, that the news of the disaster hardly stirred me. Now I remember that you are a Californian."

"I was born in San Francisco," affirmed Kirkwood, a bit sadly. "My father and mother were buried there."

"And your fortune?"

"I inherited my father's interest in the firm of Kirkwood & Vanderlip. When I came over to study painting I left everything in Vanderlip's hands. The business afforded me a handsome living."

"You have heard from Mr. Vanderlip?"

"Fifteen minutes ago." Kirkwood took a cablegram, still damp, from his pocket and handed it to his guest. Unfolding it the latter read:

Kirkwood, Pless, London:
Stay where you are. No good coming back. Everything gone. No insurance. Letter follows. VANDERLIP.

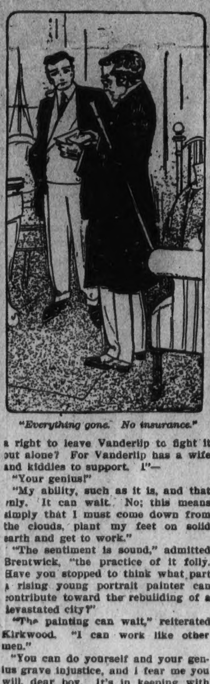
"When I got the news in Paris," Kirkwood volunteered, "I tried the banks. They refused to honor my drafts. I had a little money in hand, enough to see me home, so I closed the studio and came across. I'm booked on the Minneapolis, sailing from Tilbury at daybreak. The boat train leaves at 11:30. I had hoped you might be able to dine with me and see me off."

In silence Brentwick returned the cable message. Then, with a thoughtful look, "You are sure this is wise?" he queried.

"It's the only thing I can see."

"But your partner says"—

"Naturally he thinks that by this time I should have learned to paint well enough to support myself for a few months until he can get things running again. Perhaps I might." Brentwick supported the presumption with a decided gesture. "But have I a right to leave Vanderlip to fight it out alone? For Vanderlip has a wife and kiddies to support. I"—



"Everything gone. No insurance."

"Your genius!"

"My ability, such as it is, and that only. I can wait. No; this means simply that I must come down from the clouds, plant my feet on solid earth and get to work."

"The sentiment is sound," admitted Brentwick, "the practice of it folly. Have you stopped to think what part a rising young portrait painter can contribute toward the rebuilding of a devastated city?"

"The painting can wait," reiterated Kirkwood. "I can work like other men."

"You can do yourself and your genius grave injustice, and I fear me you will, dear boy. It's in keeping with your heritage of American obstinacy. Now, if it were a question of money"—

"Mr. Brentwick," Kirkwood protested vehemently, "I've ample for my present needs," he added.

"Of course," conceded Brentwick, with a sigh. "I didn't really hope you would avail yourself of our friendship. Now, there's my home in Aspen Villas. You have seen it?"

"In your absence this afternoon your estimable butler, with commendable discretion, kept me without the doors," laughed the young man.

"It's a comfortable home. You would not consent to share it with me until"—

"You are more than good; but, honestly, I must sail tonight. I wanted only this chance to see you before I left. You'll dine with me, won't you?"

"If you would stay in London, Philip, we would dine together not once, but many times. As it is, I myself am booked for Munich, to be gone a week, on business. I have many affairs needing attention between now and the 9:10 train from Victoria. If you will be my guest at Aspen Villas"—

"Please!" begged Kirkwood, with a little laugh of pleasure because of the other's insistence. "I only wish I could. Another day"—

"Oh, you will make your million in a year and return scandalously independent. It's in your American blood." Frail white fingers tapped an arm of the chair as their owner stared gravely into the fire. "I confess I envy you," he observed.

"The opportunity to make a million in a year?" chuckled Kirkwood.

"No. I envy you your romance. You have youth, unconquerable youth, and the world before you. I must go."

He rose stiffly, as though suddenly made conscious of his age. The old eyes peered more than a trifle wistfully now into Kirkwood's. "You will not fail to call on me by cable, dear boy, if you need—anything? I ask it as a favor. I'm glad you wished to see me before going out of my life. One learns to value the friendship of youth, Philip. Goodby, and good luck attend you."

Alone once more, Kirkwood returned to his window. The disappointment he felt at being robbed of his anticipated pleasure in Brentwick's company at dinner colored his mood unpleasantly. His musings merged into vacuity, into a dull gray mist of hopelessness comparable only to the dismal skies then lowering over London town.

Brentwick was good, but Brentwick was mistaken. There was really nothing for Kirkwood to do but to go ahead. But one steamer trunk remained to be packed. The boat train would leave before midnight, the steamer with the morning tide. By the morrow's noon he would be upon the high seas, within ten days in New York and among friends, and then—

The problem of that afterward perplexed Kirkwood more than he cared to own. Brentwick had opened his eyes to the fact that he would be practically useless in San Francisco. He could not harbor the thought of going back only to become a charge upon Vanderlip. No; he was resolved that thenceforward he must rely upon himself, carve out his own destiny. But—would the art that he had cultivated with such assiduity yield him a livelihood if sincerely practiced with that end in view? Would the mental and physical equipment of a painter, heretofore dilettante, enable him to become self supporting?

There came a rapping at the door. The knob was turned by a diminutive figure in the livery of the Pless pages.

"Mr. Kirkwood?"

Kirkwood nodded.

"Gentleman to see you, sir."

Kirkwood nodded again, smiling, if somewhat perplexed. Encouraged, the child advanced, proffering a silver card tray at the end of an unnaturally rigid forearm. Kirkwood took the card dubiously between thumb and forefinger and inspected it without prejudice.

"'George B. Calendar,'" he read. "'George B. Calendar!' But I know no such person. Sure there's no mistake, young man?"

The close cropped, bullet shaped British head was agitated in vigorous negation, and "Card for Mr. Kirkwood!" was mumbled in dispassionate accents appropriate to a recitation by rote.

"Very well. But before you show him up ask this Mr. Calendar if he is quite sure he wants to see Philip Kirkwood."

"Yessir."

The child marched out, punctiliously closing the door. Kirkwood tamped down the tobacco in his pipe and puffed energetically, dismissing the interruption to his reverie as a matter of no consequence—an obvious mistake to be rectified by two words with this Mr. Calendar whom he did not know. At the knock he had almost hoped it might be Brentwick, returning with a changed mind about the bid to dinner.

He regretted Brentwick sincerely. Theirs was a curious sort of friendship, extraordinarily close in view of the meagerness of either's information about the other, to say nothing of the disparity between their ages. Concerning the elder man Kirkwood knew little more than that they had met on shipboard, "coming over;" that Brentwick had spent some years in America; that he was an Englishman by birth, a cosmopolite by habit, by profession a gentleman (employing that term in its most uncompromisingly British significance) and by inclination a collector of "articles of virtu and bigotry," in pursuit of which he made frequent excursions to the continent from his residence in a quaint, quiet street of Old Brompton. It had been during his not infrequent, but ordinarily abbreviated, sojourns in Paris that their steamer acquaintance had ripened into an affection almost filial on the one hand, almost paternal on the other.

There came a rapping at the door.

The knob was turned; the door opened. Kirkwood, swinging on one heel, beheld, hesitant upon the threshold, a rather rotund figure of medium height, clad in an expressionless gray lounge suit, with a brown "bowler" hat held tentatively in one hand, an umbrella weeping in the other. A voice, which was unctuous and insinuative, emanated from the figure.

"Mr. Kirkwood?"

Kirkwood nodded, with some effort recalling the name, so detached had been his thoughts since the disappearance of the page.

"Yes, Mr. Calendar?"

"Are you—ah—busy, Mr. Kirkwood?"

"Are you, Mr. Calendar?" Kirkwood's smile robbed the retort of any flavor of incivility.

Encouraged, the man entered, premising that he would detain his host but a moment and readily surrendering hat and umbrella. Kirkwood, putting the latter aside, invited his caller to the easy chair which Brentwick had occupied by the fireplace.

"It takes the edge off the dampness," Kirkwood explained in deference to the other's look of pleased surprise at the cheerful bed of coals. "I'm afraid I could never get acclimated to life in a cold, damp room—or a damp, cold room—such as you Britishers prefer."

"It is grateful," Mr Calendar agreed, spreading plump and well cared for hands to the warmth. "But you are mistaken. I am as much ad American as yourself."

"Yes?" Kirkwood looked the man over with more interest, less matter of course courtesy.

He proved not unprepossessing, this unclassifiable Mr. Calendar. He was dressed with some care, his complexion was good, and the fullness of his girth, emphasized as it was by a notable lack of inches, bespoke a nature genial, easy going and sybaritic. His dark eyes, heavy lidded, were active, curiously at times with a subdued glitter, in a face large, round, pink, of which the other most remarkable features were a mustache, close trimmed and showing streaks of gray; a chubby nose and duplicate chins. Mr. Calendar was, furthermore, possessed of a polished bald spot, girdled with a tonsure of silvered hair—circumstances which lent some factitious distinction to a personality otherwise commonplace.

His manner might be best described as uneasy, with assurance, as though he frequently found it necessary to make up for his unimpressive stature by assuming an unnatural habit of authority.

"So you knew I was an American Mr. Calendar?" suggested Kirkwood.

"Saw your name on the register. We both hail from the same neck of the woods, you know."

"I didn't know it, and"—

"Yes; I'm from Frisco too."

"And I'm sorry."

Mr. Calendar passed five fat fingers nervously over his mustache, glanced alertly up at Kirkwood, as if momentarily inclined to question his tone, then again stared glumly into the fire, for Kirkwood had maintained an attitude purposefully colorless. Not to put too fine a point upon it, he believed that his caller was lying. The man's appearance, his mannerisms, his voice and enunciation, while they might have been American, seemed all un-Californian. To one born and bred in that state, as Kirkwood had been, her sons are unmistakably hall marked.

Now, no man lies without motive. This one chose to reaffirm, with a show of deep feeling: "Yes, I'm from Frisco too. We're companions in misfortune."

"I hope not altogether," said Kirkwood politely.

Mr. Calendar drew his own inferences from the response and mustered up a show of cheerfulness. "Then you're not completely wiped out?"

"To the contrary, I was hoping you were less unhappy."

"Oh, then you are?"

Kirkwood lifted the cable message from the mantel. "I have just heard from my partner at home," he said, with a faint smile, and quoted: "'Everything gone. No insurance.'"

Mr. Calendar pursed his plump lips, whistling inaudibly. "Too bad, too bad!" he murmured sympathetically. "We're all hard hit, more or less." He lapsed into dejected apathy, from which Kirkwood, growing at length impatient, found it necessary to rouse him.

"You wished to see me about something else, I'm sure."

Mr. Calendar started from his reverie. "Eh? I was dreaming. I beg pardon. It seems hard to realize, Mr. Kirkwood, that this awful catastrophe has overtaken our beloved metropolis."

The canting phrases wearied Kirkwood. Abruptly he cut in: "Would a sovereign help you out, Mr. Calendar? I don't mind telling you that's about the limit of my present resources."

"Pardon me." Mr. Calendar's moonlike countenance darkened. He assumed a transparent dignity. "You misconstrue my motive, sir."

"Then I'm sorry."

"I am not here to borrow. On the other hand, quite by accident I discovered your name upon the register downstairs, a good old Frisco name, if you will permit me to say so. I thought to myself that here was a chance to help a fellow countryman?" Calendar paused interrogatively. Kirkwood remained interested, but silent. "If a passage across would help you, I—I think it might be arranged," stammered Calendar, ill at ease.

"It might," admitted Kirkwood speculatively.

"I could fix it so that you could go over—first class, of course—and pay your way, so to speak, by rendering us, me and my partner, a trifling service."

"Ah!"

"In fact," continued Calendar, warming up to his theme, "there might be something more in it for you than the passage if—if you're the right man, the man I'm looking for."

"That, of course, is the question."

"Eh?" Calendar pulled up suddenly in a full winged flight of enthusiasm.

Kirkwood eyed him steadily. "I said that it is a question, Mr. Calendar, whether or not I am the man you're looking for. Between you and me and the firedogs, I don't believe I am. Now, if you wish to name your quid pro quo, this trifling service I'm to render in recognition of your benevolence, you may."

"Ye-es," slowly. But the speaker delayed his reply until he had surveyed his host from head to foot with a glance both critical and appreciative.

He saw a man in height rather less than the stock size six feet so much in demand by the manufacturers of modern heroes of fiction—a man a bit round shouldered, too, but otherwise sturdily built, self contained, well groomed.

Kirkwood wears a boy's honest face. No one has ever called him handsome. A few prejudiced persons have decided that he has an interesting countenance. The propounders of this verdict have been, for the most part, feminine. Kirkwood himself has been heard to declare that his features do not fit. In its essence the statement is true, but there is a very real, if undefinable, engaging quality in their very irregularity. His eyes are brown, pleasant, set wide apart, straightforward of expression.

Now, it appeared that, whatever his motive, Mr. Calendar had acted upon impulse in sending his card up to Kirkwood. At all events, this Calendar proved not lacking in penetration. Men of his stamp are commonly endowed with that quality to an eminent degree. Not slow to reckon the caliber of the man before him, the leaven of intuition began to work in his adipose intelligence. He owned himself baffled.

"Thanks," he concluded pensively; "I reckon you're right. You won't do, after all. I've wasted your time—mine too."

"Don't mention it."

Calendar got heavily out of his chair, reaching for his hat and umbrella. "Permit me to apologize for an unwarrantable intrusion, Mr. Kirkwood." He [illegible] worri[illegible] [illegible]uating look shadowed his small eyes. "I was looking for some one to serve me in a certain capacity"—

"Certain or questionable?" propounded Kirkwood blandly, opening the door.

Pointedly Mr. Calendar ignored the imputation. "Sorry I disturbed you. G'dafternoon, Mr. Kirkwood."

"Goodby, Mr. Calendar." A smile twitched the corners of Kirkwood's too wide mouth.

Calendar stepped hastily out into the hall. Kirkwood closed the door and the incident simultaneously with a smart bang of finality. Laughing quietly, he went back to the window, with its dreary outlook, now the drearier for lengthening evening shadows.

"I wonder what his game is, anyway. An adventurer, of course. The woods are full of 'em. A queer fish, even of his kind. And with a trick up his sleeve as queer and fishy as himself, no doubt."

CHAPTER II.

THE assumption seems not unwarrantable that Mr. Calendar figuratively washed his hands of Mr. Kirkwood. Unquestionably Mr. Kirkwood considered himself well rid of Mr. Calendar. When the latter had gone his way, Kirkwood, mindful of the fact that his boat train would leave St. Pancras at 11:30, set about his packing and dismissed from his thoughts the incident created by the fat adventurer and at 6 o'clock or thereabouts let himself out of his room, dressed for the evening, a light raincoat over one arm, in the other hand a cane, the drizzle having ceased.

A stolid British lift carried him down to the ground floor of the establishment in something short of five minutes. Pausing in the office long enough to settle his bill and leave instructions to have his luggage conveyed to the boat train, he received with entire equanimity the affable benediction of the clerk, in whose eyes he still figured as that radiant creature, an American millionaire, and passed on to the lobby, where he surrendered hat, coat and stick to the cloakroom attendant ere entering the dining room.

The hour was a trifle early for a London dinner, the handsome room but moderately filled with patrons. Kirkwood absorbed the fact unconsciously and without displeasure. The earlier the better, he was determined to consume his last civilized meal (as he chose to consider it) at his serene leisure, to live fully his ebbing moments in the world to which he was born, to drink to its cloying dregs one ultimate draft of luxury.

With a deferential flourish the waiter brought him the menu card. He had served in his time many an American millionaire; he had also served this Mr. Kirkwood, and respected him as one exalted above the run of his kind in that he comprehended the art of dining.

Fifteen minutes later the waiter departed rejoicing, his order complete.

To distract a conscience whispering of extravagance Kirkwood lighted a cigarette.

The room was gradually filling with later arrivals. It was the most favored restaurant in London, and despite the radiant costumes of the women its atmosphere remained sedate and restful.

A cab clattered down the side street on which the window opened.

At a nearby table a woman laughed, quietly happy. Incuriously Kirkwood glanced her way. She was bending forward, smiling, flattering her escort with the adoration of her eyes. They were lovers alone in the wilderness of the crowded restaurant. They seemed very happy.

Kirkwood was conscious of a strange pang of emotion. It took him some time to comprehend that it was envy.

He was alone and lonely. For the first time he realized that no woman had ever looked upon him as the woman at the adjoining table looked upon her lover. He had found time to worship but one mistress—his art.

And he was renouncing her.

He was painfully conscious of what he had missed, had lost or had not yet found—the love of woman.

The sensation was curious, new, unique in his experience.

His cigarette burned down to his fingers as he sat pondering. Abstractedly he ground its fire out in an ash tray.

The waiter set before him a silver tureen, covered.

He sat up and began to consume his soup, scarce doing it justice. His dream troubled him—his dream of the love of woman.

From a little distance his waiter regarded him with an air of disappointment. In the course of an hour and a half he awoke to discover the attendant in the act of pouring very hot and black coffee from a bright silver pot into a demitasse of fragile porcelain. Kirkwood slipped a single lump of sugar into the cup, gave over his cigar case to be filled, then leaned back, deliberately lighting a long and slender panetela as a preliminary to a last lingering appreciation of the scene of which he was a part.

He reviewed it through narrowed eyelids lazily, yet with some slight surprise, seeming to see it with new vision, with eyes from which scales of ignorance had dropped.

This long and brilliant dining hall, with its quiet perfection of proportion and appointment, had always gratified his love of the beautiful. Tonight it pleased him to an unusual degree. Yet it was the same as ever. Its walls, tinted a deep rose, with their hangings of dull cloth of gold; its lights discriminatingly clustered and discreetly shaded, redoubled in half a hundred mirrors; its subdued shimmer of plate and glass, its soberly festive assemblage of circumspect men and women splendidly gowned, its decorously muted murmur of voices penetrated and interwoven by the strains of a hidden string orchestra, caressed his senses as always, yet with a difference. Tonight he saw it a room populous with lovers, lovers insensibly paired, man unto woman attentive, woman of man regardful.

He had never understood this before. This much he had missed in life.

It seemed hard to realize that one must forego it all forever.

Presently he found himself acutely self conscious. The sensation puzzled him, and without appearing to do so he traced it from effect to cause and found the cause in a woman—a girl, rather—seated at a table the third removed from him, near the farther wall of the room.

Too considerate and too embarrassed to return her scrutiny openly, look for look, he yet felt sure that, however temporarily, he was become the object of her intent interest.

Idly employed with his cigar, he sipped his coffee. In time aware that she had turned her attention elsewhere, he looked up.

At first he was conscious of an effect of disappointment. She was nobody that he knew, even by reputation. She was simply a young girl, barely out of her teens—if as old as that phrase would signify. He wondered what she had found in him to make her think him worth so long a study and looked again, more keenly curious.

With this second glance appreciation stirred the artistic side of his nature, that was already grown impatient of his fretted mood. The slender and girlish figure, posed with such absolute lack of intrusion against a screen of rose and gilt, moved him to critical admiration. The tinted glow of shaded candles caught glistening on the spun gold of her fair hair enhanced the fine pallor of her young shoulders.

In the sheer youth of her the realized more than in aught else lay her chiefest charm. She could be little more than a child, indeed, if he were to judge her by the purity of her shadowed eyes and the absence of emotion in the calm and direct look which presently she turned upon him who sat wondering at the level, penciled darkness of her brows.

At length, aware that she had surprised his interest, Kirkwood glanced aside coolly deliberate lest she should detect in his attitude anything more than impersonal approval.

A slow color burned his cheeks. In his temples there rose a curious pulsing.

After awhile she drew his gaze again imperiously, herself all unaware of the havoc she was wreaking on his temperament.

"Eighteen," he hazarded—"eighteen or possibly nineteen dining at the Pless in a ravishing dinner gown and unhappy? Oh, hardly—not she!"

Yet the impression haunted him, and ere long he was fain to seek confirmation or denial of it in the manner of her escort.

The latter sat with back to Kirkwood, cutting a figure as negative as his snug evening clothes. One could surmise little from a fleshy thick neck, a round glazed bald spot, a fringe of grizzled hair and two bright red ears.

Calendar!

Somehow the fellow did suggest Kirkwood's caller of the afternoon. The young man could not have said precisely how, for he was unfamiliar with the aspect of that gentleman's back. None the less, the suggestion persisted.

By now a few of the guests, theater bound for the most part, were leaving. Here and there a table stood vacant that had been filled, cloth tarnished, chairs disarranged, in another moment to be transformed into its pristine brilliance under the deft attentions of the servitors.

Down an aisle, past the table at which the girl was sitting, came two, making toward the lobby, the man, a slight and meager young personality, in the lead. Their party had attracted Kirkwood's notice as they entered—why, he did not remember, but it was in his mind that then they had been three. Instinctively he looked at the table they had left, one placed at some distance from the girl and hidden from her by an angle in the wall. It appeared that the third member had chosen to dally a few moments over his tobacco and a liqueur brandy. Kirkwood could see him plainly lounging in his chair and fumbling the stem of a glass, a heavy man of somber habit, his black and sullen brows lowering and thoughtful above a face boldly handsome.

The woman of the trio was worthy of closer attention. Some paces in the wake of her lackluster esquire she was making a leisurely progress, trailing the skirts of a gown magnificent beyond dispute, half concealed though it was by the opera cloak whose soft folds draped her shoulders. Slowly, carrying her head high, she approached, insolent eyes reviewing the room from beneath their heavy lids, a metallic and mature type of dark beauty supremely self confident and self possessed.

Men turned involuntarily to look after her, not altogether in undiluted admiration.

In the act of passing behind the putative Calendar she paused momentarily, bending as if to gather up her train. Presumably the action disturbed her balance. She swayed a little and in the effort to recover rested the tips of her gloved fingers upon the edge of the table. Simultaneously (Kirkwood could have sworn) a single word left her lips, a word evidently pitched for the ear of the hypothetical Calendar alone. Then she swept on, imperturbable, assured.

To the perplexed observer it was indubitably evident that some communication had passed from the woman to the man. Kirkwood saw the fat shoulders of the girl's companion stiffen suddenly as the woman's hand rested at his elbow. As she moved away a little rippling shiver was plainly visible in the muscles of his back beneath his coat, mute token of relaxing tension. An instant later one plump and mottled hand was carelessly placed where the woman's had been and was at once removed with fingers closed.

To the girl, watching her face covertly, Kirkwood turned for a clew to the incident. He made no doubt that she had observed the passage. Proof of that one found in her sudden staring pallor (of indignation?) and in her eyes, briefly alight with some inscrutable emotion, though quickly veiled by lowered lashes. Slowly enough she regained color and composure, while her vis-a-vis sat motionless, head inclined, as if in thought.

Abruptly the man turned in his chair to summon a waiter and exposed his profile. Kirkwood was in nowise amazed to recognize Calendar—a badly frightened Calendar now, however, and hardly to be identified with the sleek, glib fellow who had interviewed Kirkwood in the afternoon. His flabby cheeks were ashen and trembling, and upon the back of his chair the fat white fingers were drumming incessantly an inaudible tattoo of shattered nerves.

"Scared silly!" commented Kirkwood. "Why?"

Having spoken to his waiter, Calendar for some seconds raked the room with quick glances, as if seeking an acquaintance. Presumably disappointed, he swung back to face the girl, bending forward to reach her ears with accents low pitched and confidential. She on her part fell at once attentive, grave and responsive. Perhaps a dozen sentences passed between them. At the outset her brows contracted, and she shook her head in gentle dissent, whereupon Calendar's manner became more imperative. Gradually, unwillingly, she seemed to yield consent. Once she caught her breath sharply and, infected by her companion's agitation, sat back, color fading again in the round, young cheeks.

Kirkwood's waiter put in an inopportune appearance with the bill. The young man paid it. When he looked up again Calendar had swung squarely about in his chair. His eye encountered Kirkwood's. He nodded pleasantly. Temporarily confused, Kirkwood returned the nod.

In a twinkling he had repented. Calendar had left his chair and was wending his way through the tables toward Kirkwood's. Reaching it, he paused, offering the hand of genial fellowship. Kirkwood accepted it half heartedly (what else was he to do?), remarking at the same time that Calendar had recovered much of his composure. There was now a normal coloring in the heavily jowled countenance, with less glint of fear in the quick, dark eyes, and Calendar's hand, even if moist and cold, no longer trembled. Furthermore, it was immediately demonstrated that his impudence had not deserted him.

"Why, Kirkwood, my dear fellow!" he crowed, not so loudly as to attract attention, but in a tone assumed to divert suspicion, should he be overheard. "This is great luck, you know, to find you here."

"Is it?" returned Kirkwood coolly. He disengaged his fingers.

The pink plump face was contorted in a furtive grimace of deprecation. Without waiting for permission Calendar dropped into the vacant chair.

"My dear sir," he proceeded, unabashed, "I throw myself upon your mercy."

"The devil you do!"

"I must. I'm in the deuce of a hole, and there's no one I know here besides yourself. I—I"—

Kirkwood saw fit to lead him on, partly because out of the corner of his eye he was aware of the girl's unconcealed suspense. "Go on, please, Mr. Calendar. You throw yourself on a total stranger's mercy because you're in the deuce of a hole, and"—

"It's this way. I'm called away on urgent business—imperative business. I must go at once. My daughter is with me—my daughter! Think of my embarrassment. I cannot leave her here alone, nor can I permit her to go home unprotected."

Calendar paused in anxiety.

"That's easily remedied then," suggested Kirkwood.

"How?"

"Put her in a cab at the door."

"No. The devil! I couldn't think of it. You won't understand. I"—

"I do not understand," amended the younger man politely.

Calendar compressed his lips nervously. It was plain that the man was quivering with impatience and half mad with excitement. He held quiet only long enough to regain his self control and take counsel with his prudence.

"It is impossible, Mr. Kirkwood. I must ask you to be generous and believe me."

"Very well. For the sake of the argument I do believe you, Mr. Calendar."

Swiftly, stammering in his haste: "I can't let Dorothy accompany me to the door," declared Calendar. "She—I—I throw myself upon your mercy!"

"What, again?"

"The truth—the truth is, if you will have it, that I am in danger of arrest the moment I leave here. If my daughter is with me she will have to endure the shame and humiliation"—

"Then why place her in such a position?" Kirkwood demanded sharply.

Calendar's eyes burned, incandescent with resentment. Offended, he offered to rise and go, but changed his mind and sat tight in hope.

"I beg of you, sir"—

"One moment, Mr. Calendar."

Abruptly Kirkwood's weathercock humor shifted, amusement yielding to intrigued interest. After all, why not oblige the fellow? What did anything matter now? What harm could v[illegible] come if he yielded to this corpulent adventurer's insistence? Besides, there was the girl to be considered.

Kirkwood considered her forthwith. In the process thereof his eyes sought her, perturbed. Their glances clashed. She looked away hastily, crimson to her temples.

Instantly the conflict between curiosity and caution, inclination and distrust, was at an end. With sudden compliance the young man rose.

"I shall be most happy to be of service to your daughter, Mr. Calendar," he said, placing the emphasis with becoming gravity. And then, the fat adventurer leading the way, Kirkwood strode across the room, wondering somewhat at himself, if the whole truth is to be disclosed.

(To be continued.)

Was Not Posted.

Away back, when herds of buffalo grazed along the foothills of the Western mountains, two hardy prospectors fell in with a bull bison that seemed to have been separated from his kind and ran amuck. One of the prospectors took to the branches of a tree and the other dived into a cave. The buffalo bellowed at the entrance to the cavern and then turned toward the tree. Out came the man from the cave and the buffalo took after him again. The man made another dive for the hole. After this had been repeated several times, the man in the tree called to his comrade, who was trembling at the mouth of the cavern:

"Stay in the cave, you idiot!"

"You don't know nothing about this hole," bawled the other. "There's a bear in it!"

"What is the biggest disappointment you encountered on your vacation?"

"A cup of Canadian coffee."—Detroit Free Press.

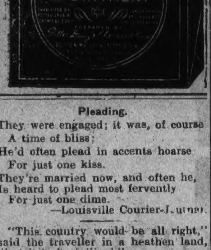
Family Cured of Eczema

By Cuticura Remedies

"The Cuticura treatment has absolutely cured me and family of eczema which I, my wife and two-year-old child had for eight months. It started with small pimples on the head of my child which gradually broke out in sores, and it was not long before I and my wife got the same. Our heads were one mass of sores, we could not sleep and the itching was terrible. We suffered for eight months. We tried different kinds of ointments and medicine but it did us no good and soon it began to break out on our bodies until a friend who had the same trouble told me about Cuticura of which I used two sets of Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Resolvent, and I was surprised. After the first few days our heads began to heal and in two months we were absolutely cured of this terrible eczema."

(Signed) EUGENE POTTHOFF,
581 Ralph St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

No stronger evidence than this could be given of the success and economy of the Cuticura Remedies in the treatment of torturing, disfiguring humors of the skin and scalp, of infants, children and adults. Sold throughout the world. Send to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Boston, U. S. A., for free 32-page Cuticura book on treatment of skin and scalp diseases.



Pleading.

They were engaged; it was, of course
A time of bliss;
He'd often plead in accents hoarse
For just one kiss.
They're married now, and often he,
Is heard to plead most fervently
For just one dime.
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"This country would be all right," said the traveller in a heathen land, "but it isn't civilized."

"That's where you go lame, stranger," rejoined the native. "Two per cent. of the population owns 90 per cent. of the land. What more civilization do you want?"—Chicago News.

HOW'S THIS.

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for he last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made his firm.

Walding, Kinnan & Marvin,
Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Jim Rice, the coach of the Columbia crew, was praising a stalwart freshman.

"He's so young and tender," said the coach, "you'd never think he could row. Why, they laugh at him at the barber's.

"As he was getting his hair cut the other day he said to the barber wistfully:

"'Do you think I'll have a strong beard? My father has a very strong one.'

"'It looks to me,' said the barber, 'as though you took after your mother.'"—Washington Star

"I hope madame is not superstitious?"

"No, my girl. Why.

"Because I have just broken the large mirror in the parlor!"—Le Rire.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia

Prof. McGoozle—It is astonishing how little the young people of the present day know of mathematics. For example, Miss Tartun—or you, Mr. Sparks—do you remember what the rule of three is?

Miss Tartun—O, yes, professor; I haven't forgotten that. I think. "Three is a crowd." That' right?—Chicago Tribune.

"That old barn of yours is decidedly picturesque," said the artist. "May I paint it?"

"A leetle paint wouldn't do it no harm," replied Farmer Clovertop. "What do you charge?"—Philadelphia Record.

LIVE STOCK

Properly Handled It Is the Embodiment of Success and Nets Splendid Returns.

Horses.

Prof. W. H. Peters of the Manitoba Agricultural College fills a long felt want with his Bulletin No. 1, covering first, classification; second, the brood mare; third, the food. In part he says.

"Wherever horses are bought and sold in large numbers buyers and sellers recognize seven distinctive types, viz.: draft, agricultural, farm chunks, general purpose, carriage, roadster and saddle horse. Some of these may be divided into sub-classes and grades, but this further sub-division and grading is known only to the markets in large cities. Classes are created in the first place by a demand springing up for horses of a certain type to do a certain kind of work. If at any time the demand for that type of horse should cease to exist on that particular market, there would no longer be such a market class. If at any time there should arise a new and sufficient demand for a certain type, then there would be created a new market class. In any class, the use or work to which a horse is best suited is the chief factor in determining to what class it belongs."

It is well worth any farmer's time to carefully read this pamphlet, as it will undoubtedly point out to him the advantages or defects of his own stock.

Directory of Breeders.

F. Hedley Auld, Regina secretary of the Live Stock Association of Saskatchewan, is gathering facts for a directory, which will contain the names and addresses of breeders of pure bred stock in Saskatchewan, the kind and breed of stock raised and the number for sale.

EXPORTS OF EGGS AND POULTRY

Table Showing How Canada's Trade in These Lines Has Fallen Off.

The following is a list of the exports of eggs and poultry produced in Canada in the fiscal years named which shows the way in which Canada has fallen off in her exports of these lines.

	Eggs		Poultry
Fiscal	Doz.		
1899	9,632,512	$1,267,063	$139,759
1900	10,187,906	1,475,902	210,822
1901	11,363,064	1,691,640	141,518
1902	11,635,108	1,733,242	238,047
1903	7,404,100	1,436,130	160,518
1904	5,780,316	1,053,396	140,214
1905	3.601,427	712,866	108,333
1906	2 921,725	495,176	114,275
1907	2.591,205	301,818	74,057
1908	1.365,890	301,818	116,334
1909	552,850	124,315	50,395

The above is not an indication that Canada is producing less eggs, but rather that her increasing population is using more at home.

Over 60 per cent. of the poultry used in western cities is brought in from Ontario during the fall and winter months, and over 40 per cent. of the eggs used come in from the same source, or are imported from the States. A good poultry yard would be productive of much pin money for the farmer's wife.

In the causes of infant mortality cholera morbus figures frequently, and it may be said that complaints of the bowels are great destroyers of child life. If all mothers would avail themselves of so effective a remedy as Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial many a little one could be saved. This Cordial can be given with safety to the smallest child, as there is no injurious substance in it.

One of President Taft's favorite stories, recently told at an informal dinner in the White House, runs thus:—

"A clergyman's little boy was spending the afternoon with the bishop's children.

"'At the rectory,' said the humble preacher's son, 'we've got a hen that lays an egg every day.'

"'Pooh!' said the bishop's boy, 'my father lays a foundation stone once a week.'"

Shiloh's Cure quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs. - - - 25 cents.

Maud—Tom had me talk into a phonograph so he can hear my voice while I'm away.

Clara—How lovely! And no one can stop the machine!—Puck.

Saphead—I wonder why Miss Gayley is always out when I call.

Sharpley—Oh, just her luck, I imagine.—Harper's Bazar.

Up-to-Date.

"By the way," said the man in the helmet, "drop down and see me some time."

"Where are you living now?" asked the man in the goggles.

"Oh, at the bottom of the lake in my submarine houseboat."

"Must be cool down there. Drop up and see me some time."

"Up!"

"Yes; I am summering in my aeroplane yacht."

And then the plain man spoke up.

"When you boys get through calling on one another you might drop betwixt and between and see me."

"And where are you living?"

"Oh, right on plain old terra firma."

Eczema Is Not A Blood Disease

For this reason internal treatment fails to cure—Success of DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

Experience with the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment will soon convince anyone that Eczema is a disease of the skin and not of the blood.

A large percentage of the cures brought about by Dr. Chase's Ointment are after the patient has become tired of tedious internal treatment with no apparent result.

Apply Dr. Chase's Ointment and it is not long until there is relief from the dreadful itching and a beginning of the process of healing up the sores. When you have tested this soothing, healing ointment you will wonder why you ever wasted time with internal treatment for eczema.

Mr. A. D. Macauley, Stornoway, Que., writes:—"I had itching eczema on my leg for over five years and tried many remedies and several Doctors without benefit. Dr. Chase's Ointment cured me completely."

Mrs. Chas. Gilbert, Haystack, Placentia Bay, Nfld., writes:—"I was a sufferer from salt rheum for ten years and was cured by eight boxes of Dr. Chase's Ointment. I am heartily thankful for this cure and want to recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment to other sufferers."

Dr. Chase's Ointment is wonderfully soothing and healing. By its antiseptic powers it cleans out the sores, stops the agonizing itching and soon sets up the process of healing which means thorough cure, if the treatment is persisted in.

Why not get the cure started today? If you are a sufferer from eczema or any form of itching skin disease you will thank the day you heard of Dr. Chase's Ointment. 60 cts. a box, al. dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto, Canada. Write for free copy of Dr. Chase's Recipes.

The King's Grapes.

The grand old vine at Cumberland Lodge, Windsor Great Park, which supplies their majesties' table with magnificent black grapes, looks better than ever this year, and boasts 600 splendid bunches. The largest bunch weighs about five pounds and the average bunch is four pounds.

For over 150 years this vine has been bearing grapes for the sovereigns of England. The vine measures 138 feet in length and spreads over 4,500 square feet.

As many as 2,000 bunches were borne in a year during the late Queen Victoria's reign, but King Edward considered this was too many for the vine, and now the number is kept down to about 500 or 600, and the fruit is much finer than it used to be.—London Daily Mail.

Death After a Scratch.

Morris Quatzam, an eleven year-old Windsor boy, fell off his bicycle and scratched his wrist. He thought nothing of the injury, but blood poison set in and he is dead.

Such incidents as these—by no means infrequent—ought to make people realize the danger that may lie even in the smallest flesh wound.

Take a simple illustration. When a knife, a rusty needle, a splinter of dirty wood, a barbed wire fence, or a thorn, scratches the hand, the latter is inoculated with germs, of which the air about us is full. Directly these germs are introduced through the breach in the skin, a battle royal ensues between them and certain organisms in our blood.

The way to avoid serious results is to cleanse the wound and apply Zam Buk. Zam-Buk is a powerful, yet painless germ-killer and when applied to the broken skin is absorbed into the tissue, instantly destroying the germs that spread disease and inflammation.

As soon as applied to a sore or a cut Zam-Buk stops the pain and smarting. That is why it is so popular with children.

The flesh thus soothed and purified, the wound is made perfectly healthy, and all poison and cause of festering removed. Having done this, Zam-Buk then proceeds to heal the wound or sore, and new healthy tissue is built up in a quick, painless and perfect manner.

Zam-Buk must not be confused with ordinary ointments. Zam-Buk is a unique preparation, possessing antiseptic, soothing and healing qualities that are not to be found together in any other preparation. It is not only a unique healing balm, but it is also a skin food. For all skin diseases and injuries—cuts, bruises, burns, eczema, chafing, ulcers, ringworm, etc, it is without equal. It is also used widely for piles, for which it may be regarded as a specific. All druggists and stores sell at 50c. a box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price. Harmful imitations should be always refused.

He came home in the small hours of the morning, and his loving spouse confronted him with wrath in her eye and a telegram in her hand, saying, "Here is news that has been waiting for you since supper-time.

He blinked, looked wise, and, bracing up agaist the hat-rack, felt through his pockets, murmuring, "I left my glasses in town."

"Yes," she replied, with scathing agony, "but you brought the contents with you."

Recognized as the leading specific for the destruction of worms, Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator has proved a boon to suffering children everywhere. It seldom fails.

A gentleman who was seated behind a negro in a tramway car in Memphis vouches for this yarn.

All the seats were taken when a neatly-dressed young negress, evidently a lady's maid entered the car. The negro rose with a polite bow and offered her his seat

"I hate to deprive you, sah," she said as she took it.

"Doan't mention it, miss," replied no depravity."

Carterhall, Nfld.
Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Dear Sirs,—While in the country last summer I was badly bitten by mosquitoes, so badly that I thought I would be disfigured for a couple of weeks. I was advised to try your Liniment to allay the irritation, and did so. The effect was more than I expected, a few applications completely curing the irritation, and preventing the bites from becoming sore. MINARD'S LINIMENT is also a good article to keep off the mosquitoes.

Yours truly,
W. A. V. R.

"The ocean doesn't seem to agree with you," consoled the ship's doctor, who had prescribed everything conceivable.

"Perhaps it would," moaned the other, "I haven't tried it yet."—Puck.

Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes—Relieved by Murine Eye Remedy. Try Murine for your Eye Troubles. You will like Murine. It soothes. 50c. at your Druggists. Write for Eye Books, Free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Toronto. 2

Breaking the News.

The eminent poet and student of Tyrolese peasant life, Peter Rosegger, gives an interesting instance of the manner in which bad news is broken by the villagers of his country. It recalls the famous ballad of the knight whose page took the news of the warrior's death to the lady and began by telling her that her little dog had been injured. After a recent heavy thunderstorm a Tyrolese peasant came into the village inn and joined a lad of 18 who had been drinking beer and smoking a pipe, and was just "going back to the haying," now that the rain had ceased. "Sit still a while," said the newcomer; "you can afford it." After standing at the table for some minutes he went on: "Well, my dear Mat, you've grown a rich man within the last half hour." And Mat, remembering the fearful thunder clap of half an hour ago, turned white as a sheet. The peasant then explained that his father, two sisters and a brother, who had taken shelter from the rain under an old fir tree, had all been killed by the lightning striking the tree.—Westminster Gazette.

An old gentleman accustomed to walk around St. James Park every day was once asked by a friend if he still took his usual walk.

"No, sir," replied the old man. "I cannot do as much now. I cannot get around the park. I only go half way around and back again."—Housekeeper.

Why let that headache spoil your day's work or pleasure? Take

NA-DRU-CO HEADACHE WAFERS

25c. a Box at your druggist's.

Guaranteed to contain no morphine, opium or other poisonous drugs, by the National Drug and Chemical Company of Canada, Limited. Montreal. 30

Female Steeplejack.

A rare example of feminine nerve comes from England. Anxious to obtain unique photographs for sale in connection with a church, Miss Lydia Akiens, 19, climbed a steeplejack's ladder to the top of the holy spire of St. Mark's church, Leicester, which is more than 200 feet high. Having reached the top, Miss Akiens, camera in hand, coolly walked round the narrow, unprotected staging and snapshotted some fine views of the town. So awe-inspiring was the sight that many of the crowd below walked away, declaring they could watch her no longer. Finally the intrepid snap shotter caused tremendous excitement among the onlookers when she climbed another ladder and reached the weather vane, on which she rested for some minutes. Miss Akiens claims the championship as lady steeplejack of the world.—New York Press.

It is in Demand.—So great is the demand for Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil that a large factory is kept continually busy making and bottling it. To be in demand shows popular appreciation of this preparation, which stands at the head of proprietary compounds as the leading Oil in the market, and it is generally admitted that it is deserving of the lead.

How Germans Get Business.

A commission house in Lima received an inquiry for a machine in regard to which it had no information. Pro forma orders were sent to New York, London and Hamburg. In from four to six months a short answer arrived from New York quoting a price in the United States gold at which the manufacturer would deliver the machine at some interior point in Michigan; no other information

In from three to five months the answer from London was received. They quoted a price in sterling at which they would deliver in London, sent a photograph of the machine and expressed a polite wish to have the order.

The answer from Hamburg came by return mail. It consisted of a pro forma invoice made out in Peruvian money, showing all the expenses that would be incurred and giving the cost delivered in Callao Bay together with a blue print of the machine and instructions in Spanish for setting it up, and yet people wonder why the Germans are getting more and more of the business.—Exporters' Review.

ST. VITUS DANCE

A Striking Example of Its Cure by Tonic Treatment

St. Vitus dance is the commonest form of nervous trouble which afflicts children, because of the great demands made on the body by growth and development, and there is the added strain caused by study. It is when these demands become so great that they impoverish the blood, and the nerves fail to receive their full supply of nourishment that the nervous debility which leads to St. Vitus dance.

The remarkable success of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in curing St. Vitus dance should lead parents to give their children this great blood building medicine at the first signs of the approach of the disease. Pallor, listlessness, inattention, restlessness and irritability are all symptoms which early show that the blood and nerves are failing to meet the demands made upon them. Mrs. A. Winters, Virden, Man., says: "When my little girl was six years old she was attacked with scarlatina, which was followed by St. Vitus dance. Her limbs would jerk and twitch. Her speech became affected and at last she became so bad that she could scarcely walk, and we hardly dared trust her alone. She was under the care of a doctor, but in spite of this was steadily growing worse, and we feared that we would lose her. As Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had cured her older sister of anaemia I decided to try them again. After the use of a few boxes, to our great joy, we found they were helping her and in the course of a few weeks more her power of speech fully returned, and she could walk and go about as well as any child, and she has been well and healthy since. When illness comes to any of our family now, we never call in a doctor, but simply use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and they never disappoint us."

Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

"What is it, do you suppose, that keeps the moon in place and prevent it from falling?" asked Araminta.

"I think it must be the beams," replied Charlie, softly.—Shelbourne Falls Messenger.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

"I wonder why women always get off the cars the wrong way?" said the average man.

"Because the car is always running the wrong way," explained the average woman, with conviction.—Buffalo Express.

"That man seems to have gotten along well with a very limited vocabulary," said the student. "Yes," replied the financier. "When he wants anything all he needs to do is to write a few words on a check and sign his name."—Washington Star.

No better cigarette the world over than



THEATRICAL NEWS.

Of Interest to People of Canadian Northwest—Attractions to Appear in Winnipeg.

As Winnipeg is the big city of Western Canada, towards which all eyes are turned in matters of business and amusement, quite naturally as the theatre season opens the people of nearby cities and towns who visit the western metropolis frequently during the winter months read with interest what the managers of the Walker theatre, the Winnipeg, the Dominion, and other playhouses there are offering lovers of the drama, music and such forms of public entertainment.

To Manager C. P. Walker, who has now both the Walker theatre and the Winnipeg Theatre under his direction, theatregoers give first attention, because he is the representative theatrical man of the Canadian Northwest. Much has been in the papers during the past summer of his connection with the National Theatre Owners' Association, which was formed in June, and which has so materially changed the situation in theatrical affairs since its formation. Previous to last June, and for some fifteen years past, Messrs. Klaw & Erlanger, theatrical booking agents, have practically ruled the theatre business of the United States and Canada, and although they were the agents of the various theatre owners and managers, they in reality got the business so under their control that they dictated terms and conditions to such an extent that not only the house managers suffered, but the theatregoing people as well, because the latter were not given the opportunity to see the foremost stars, plays and productions of England and America. Now, however, all that is changed. The theatre managers and owners have their bookings into their own hands and have opened their doors to any and all attractions, with the result in Manager Walker's case, and all others, big stars and companies who have never before played smaller cities than New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, St. Louis, etc. have been induced to so arrange their routes as to include Winnipeg and similar cities.

Manager Walker is well satisfied with the situation and feels that now he can operate his two handsome theatres to the satisfaction of his patrons. The Walker Theatre he will devote permanently to highclass vaudeville, and because of the very great seating capacity of the house he will be able to provide expensive vaudeville programmes for lovers of that popular form of entertainment at just the same price formerly charged at the Dominion Theatre, when that house (which is now given over to a dramatic stock company) offered vaudeville. While in New York recently Mr. Walker arranged with William Morris, the noted International Vaudeville manager to personally arrange the weekly change of bill for the Walker Theatre, and this in itself is a guarantee of superior quality and quantity of highclass vaudeville.

The Winnipeg Theatre, which has been remodelled and is now a groundfloor house, with a large balcony and a separated gallery, being much more commodious and comfortable than formerly, Mr. Walker will devote to the big stars and productions of drama, musical comedy, extravaganza, etc. During the summer Mr. Walker has had the Winnipeg Theatre redecorated and a new ventilating system installed.

Margaret Anglin, the noted Canadian emotional actress very fittingly opened this, Manager Walker's fourteenth season of catering to the Winnipeg public with the performance of her new play, "The Awakening of Helena Richie." This superb actress was followed by Mr. John Mason in Augustus Thomas' play, "The Witching Hour." Mr. Mason is one of the foremost actors on the American stage and Mr. Thomas' play was a great success. Then came Viola Allen in "The White Sister." Miss Allen's pictures have adorned the pages of many of the widely read magazines, just as Marion Crawford's story also found its way to the reading public through similar medium. Miss Allen is one of Amerca's most brilliant emotional actresses and her company includes such eminent players as James O'Neill, Minna Gale and Henry Stanford. "The White Sister" was a beautiful production, under the management of Liebler & Company.

It will readily be seen that the theatrical season in Winnipeg started off with a boom with three such superb attractions and a little idea of those to follow at Winnipeg will undoubtedly be of interest to our readers, therefore we herewith give the list of bookings for the Winnipeg Theatre recently announced by Manager Walker.

The Shuberts, who sent John Mason in "The Witching Hour," will send the following stars and companies: Mary Mannering in "A Man's World"—first time in Western Canada; Maxine Elliott in last season's success, "The Inferior Sex". first appearance in Winnipeg; "Lulu's Husbands", the funny farce which ran all summer at Maxine Elliott's Theatre, New York, Mabel Barrison and Harry Connor as stars; Louise Gunning in "Marcelle"; Eddie Foy and Emma Carus in "Up and Down Broadway," which ran at the New York Casino all summer; all-star production of the "Mikado"; E. H Sothern and Julia Marlowe in Shakespearean repertoire, first time in Winnipeg; Bertha Kalih in "The woman of to-day," first time in the Canadian West; Madame Nazimova, the great Rusian actress, in "Little Eyolf" and "Fairy Tales"; Forbes Robertson in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back", first appearance in Winnipeg of this well-known English star, "The Lottery Man", the New York Bijou Theatre comedy hit of last season; "The Chocolate Soldier", the Straus operatic sensation; Guy Bates Post, late leading man of the celebrated New Theatre, New York, in "The Nigger," one of the big productions of that theatre last season; Lew Fields, the musical comedy star; Jefferson D'Angelis in the comic opera "The Beauty Spot"; Frank Daniels in "The Belle of Brittany"; James T. Powers in "Havana," this is a big Casino success.

Lew Fields will send out: "The Girl Behind the Counter," a musical comedy; Marie Dessler, the funniest of comediennes, in her latest laughing success, "Tillie's Nightmare" right from a long run at the Herald Square Theatre, New York. This is a large musical comedy production; "The Midnight Sons", another musical comedy success; "The Jolly Bachelors", still another Broadway Theatre hit.

Daniel V. Arthur will offer Winnipeg patrons, Marie Cahill in a new musical comedy; Grace Van Studdiford in a comic opera specially written for her; De Wolf Hopper in his triumph, "A Matinee Idol", with Louise Dresser as a special feature.

"Seven Days", the Astor Theatre comedy hit, will be sent by Messrs. Wagenhals & Kemper.

Liebler & Co. have already sent Viola Allen and her star cast in "The White Sister", and they will further supply "The Fourth Estate", a powerful newspaper story which met with success last season when produced at the Grand Opera House, Chicago. Gertrude Elliott in "The Dawn of To-morrow" is also under the Liebler management.

Other stars whose faces have become familiar to us through the various magazines and different publications which devote much space to things theatrical are:

William Faversham, who will be seen in "The World and His Wife" Mr. Faversham is accompanied by his beautiful and gifted wife, Julie Opp, who has a strong role in this society play; Mabel Hite, the comedienne, in a new play; Robert Mantell in a series of Shakespearean plays, management of William A. Brady; Frederick Warde in a spectacular production of Shakespeare's little presented play, "Timon and Athens"; Grace George in "A Woman's Way", management of William A. Brady; Otis Harlan in the Daly Theatre comedy hit, "Baby Mine"; "Billy", a new comedy; "The Dollar Mark", another new and strong play; Max Figman in "Mary Jane's Pa", management of John Cort; Louis Mann in "The Cheater"; The Lilliputian Circus, straight from all winter at the Hippodrome, New York, fifty small people—no freaks, wonderful performance; "Madame X.", the great French police play, management of Henry W. Savage, of "Merry Widow and grand opera fame; "The Merry Widow", a Savage production; "The Little Samozel", another Savage company; "Miss Patsy", with Gertrude Quinlan as star, still another Savage attraction; May Irwin in "Mrs. Jim, first time in Canadian West; Margaret Illington in "Until Eternity"; "A Broken Idol", a musical comedy hit; Mrs. Leslie Carter, in a new play; Aruold Daly, in a strong play; James K. Hackett, in a repertoire of romantic and standard dramas; Dustin Farnum, another idol of the ladies, in "Cameo Kirby"; "Alias Jimmy Valentine", a novel comedy-drama in which a criminal figures prominently "The Midnight Sons", a musical comedy from the Broadway theatre; William Hodge in "The Man From Home", his original creation; Blanche Ring in "A Yankee Girl"; "Our New Minister", a new comedy with a pugilist for a hero; "The Newly Weds", a strange arrangement of the famous funny page pictures; "The City" Clyde Fitch's last and greatest play; "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" an old friend and a welcome one; "Paid in Full", Eugene Walter's powerful play which is already firmly established with the public; "The Flirting Princess", a musical comedy success, with Harry Bulger as star; "The Show Girl", another musical comedy.

Sig. Bonci, the famous Italian tenor from the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, and who is said to be the greatest of all lyric operatic tenors, has been secured for a recital by Mr. Walker.

The Glasgow Choir, an organization of Scottish singers, touring America for the first time, will be heard at the Winnipeg Theatre soon. As they stand very high with their own people of Scotland they are sure of a warm welcome from the Scots on this side of the ocean, also from other lovers of music.

The foregoing indicates very clearly that there will be "something doing" in Winnipeg in theatricals this season, and that visitors to that city will not find the evenings hanging heavily on their hands. It also proves that Manager Walker and his fellow members of the National Theatre Owners' Association have done well in banding together for their protection and for the advancement of the interests of their patrons.

Shiloh's Cure quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs. - - - 25 cents.

Church Usher—I had a singular experience at the service this morning.

Friend—What was it?

C. U.—A stranger I was showing into a seat whispered that he wanted to be wakened at 11.30 sharp, as he had to make a train.—Boston Transcript.

"Why, what's the matter, dear?" queried the young wife, tenderly "Don't you like pound-cake?"

"Y-yes," rejoined her husband "but I'm afraid this is—er—a little overweight."—Chicago News.

Hallrume has invited his friends to dinner at Mrs Skantable's boarding-house.

"How is this for a chicken dinner, old man?" whispered Hallrume proudly.

"Just about it," said Hungerford, meaningly; "but I usually eat more than a chicken does."

Kindly Old Gent—Well, my little man, what would you like to be when you grow up?

Little Man—I'd like to be a nice old gentleman like you, with nothin' to do but walk around and ask questions.—Scottish American.

About the only thing some of us in this world get for nothing is blame.—Detroit Free Press.

FREE

Send us your name and we will send you Free, all charges paid, this handsome LUCKY HEART PICTURE BROOCH - which is the latest, daintiest and prettiest jewelry novelty, all the rage everywhere. We are giving it ABSOLUTELY FREE to introduce our goods. Just send name and address and we will send it to you at once. Address

ALDEN MFG. CO., 54 HOY ST., PROVIDENCE, R. I., U.S.A.

A Nice Business.

"If you please, sir," said the new convict, addressing the governor of the prison, "I should like to be put to my own trade."

"Certainly," said the stern, but kindly, official. I'll see that it is done. What is your trade?"

"I'm an aviator, sir," murmured the latest arrival—London Globe.

"Do you have much trouble with your automobile?"

"Trouble. Say, I couldn't have more if I was married to the blamed machine."—Detroit Free Press



Winners in the OMEGA Dot Contest

We have pleasure in announcing the names of those fortunate in winning the Omega Watches given as prizes in our recent Dot Contest.

Lady Winners

1st Prize—Mrs. D. T. Wetmore, Hampton Station, King's Co., N.B.
2nd Prize—Miss Alma Porteous, 94 Margaret Ave., Berlin, Ont.
3rd Prize—Miss Anabelle Walsh, Belmont, Man.
4th Prize—Mrs. Robt. Hazleton, Todmorden, Ont.
5th Prize—Mrs. Chas Ryall, Chauvin, Alta.

Gentlemen Winners

1st Prize—Jas. Chrysler, Cathcart, Ont.
2nd Prize—Fred. C. McLellan, Noel, Hants Co., N.S.
3rd Prize—Floyd Kirkendall, Cypress, Sask.
4th Prize—Willie Young, Campbell's Bay, Que.
5th Prize—Jack Isherwood, Nanaimo, B.C., Box 68.

ELLIS BROS. - Toronto

Health Demands that the bowels be kept regular. Neglect means sickness. Sluggish bowels are quickly regulated by **Beecham's Pills**

Sold Everywhere. In Boxes 25 cents

Serviceable Gifts

You can present no better gifts than knives, forks, spoons or fancy serving pieces of the well-known brand "1847 ROGERS BROS."

For over sixty years the best made, best designed silverplate. No other is "just as good."

Best tea sets, dishes, waiters, etc., are stamped MERIDEN BRITA CO. SOLD BY LEADING DEALERS "Silver Plate that Wears"

Dominion Express Money Orders and Foreign Cheques are payable all over the World.

Absolutely the best way to remit money by mail.

TRAVELLERS' CHEQUES ISSUED
Money sent by Telegraph and Cable
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Rates for Money Orders

$5 and under	3 cents
Over 5 to $10	6 "
" 10 to 30	10 "
" 30 to 50	15 "

On Sale in all Can. Pac. Ry. Stations.

Home **DYEING** is the way to **Save Money** and **Dress Well**

Try it! Simple as Washing with **DYOLA** ONE DYE FOR ALL KINDS OF GOODS

JUST THINK OF IT! Dyes Wool, Cotton, Silk or Mixed Goods Perfectly with the SAME Dye. No chance of mistakes. Fast and Beautiful Colors 10 cents, from your Druggist or Dealer. Send for Color Card and STORY Booklet. 76 The Johnson-Richardson Co., Limited, Montreal.

TELKWA, B. C.

On main line of Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, in midst of rich agricultural and mining district. Lots from $100 up. Write for full particulars.

NORTH COAST LAND CO'Y, Ltd., 410-11-12 Winch Building, Vancouver, B.C. London Office, 6 Old Jewry.

The Wainwright Star

An Independent Newspaper published every Thursday evening at Wainwright, Alberta.

Subscription Price: To any part of Canada $1.00 per year in advance. To the United States $1.50 per year, payable in advance.

ADVERTISING RATES

Lost, Found, and Estray notices $1.00 per four insertions payable in advance

Legal, Government and Municipal Advertising 12c. per agate line. Fourteen lines to the inch.

NORMAN E. COOK . . . . EDITOR

THURSDAY, OCT. 6, 1910

PREFACE

Since the last issue of the "Star," the paper has undergone a change in its management. The former manager and editor has departed for Lethbridge, there to enter a broader and well deserving field. For the new management, it would be useless to outline a strict policy, upon which the journal is to be operated. The main object in view will be the advancement of our town, its best interests will be considered, with an endeavour for unity and harmony of feeling.

The paper heretofore has been operated upon a strict, convictional basis, both in general and political policies. The best interests of all were considered, true facts and common sense have been characteristic of its columns, while stern impressions and convictions have marked the causes of resulting matter.

Such is the intention of the present management—a policy which will meet with favour from all and keep the tone of feeling within a system of unity. The basis for working matter should be good feeling, harmony and agreement for "A house divided against itself can never stand."

The choice of man should be made from conviction always. In the past, such has been the foundation of results, in the future it will be the same, but those convictions can ever be made easier by mutuality and common consent. There are men who will stubbornly stand upon conviction and challenge the world at large, sometimes with good reasons for such but more often because they wish others to agree for some motive or personal reason. The latter is a damnation to any modern advancement and crushes all chances of immediate success.

As a people we must stand shoulder to shoulder, push hard with a common motive in view and with earnest, honest efforts, work in harmony and concord for the interests of the community, for these interests are the interests of ourselves.

GONE TO LETHBRIDGE

During the past few months, Mr. L. S. Gowe has edited and managed the "Star" but now with the new management will leave for Lethbridge. With the departure of Mr. Gowe, a man of sterling worth is lost to our community; a man, who has always stood for the best interests of our town and exerted his innermost energies for its advancement. All who knew Mr. Gowe personally, recognized in him a sentiment of fair treatment to all, with no fear of results from the convictions he had formed.

The standard to which the journal has been raised is remarkable. The paper, on the arrival of Mr. Gowe was in a state of chaos and disorder but during the editorship by him, the circulation has increased marvelously. The community will all regret the departure of Mr. Gowe and trust that in his chosen field, he will meet with fortune and favour.

It is only to be hoped that with the new management, the standard of the paper, raised in the immediate past, may be upheld. If the condition of it has been raised by Mr. Gowe, it ought surely to be held, in new hands.

With the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Gowe, the town and community extend to them their sincere good wishes, and feel that in broader, wider fields, they will prosper according to merit.

HOW WILL WE ENJOY THE WINTER?

There seems to be a general feeling among the citizens that some steps should be taken to afford amusement and sport during the coming winter. The time will soon be upon us when the evenings will pass wearily and there will be no means of pastime.

A suggestion has been made that some energetic citizen form a company and build a rink. The public is tired of skating in the open air, especially where open air rinks never give proper satisfaction. Wainwright is large enough to support a rink and since skating is an enjoyment that never grows tiresome, some action should be at once taken. Towns much smaller than Wainwright have rinks, why cannot our town with its growing population and prosperous citizens have the same? An ice rink, built so that curling could be enjoyed would add much to the town and would be certain to receive liberal patronage.

There is a fine opportunity for some active, local man to build an up to date rink.

RE-LETTERS OF INQUIRY

The "Star" is daily receiving letters from all parts of Canada inquiring what prospects the Wainwright District offers to all classes of people. Even since the paper has fallen into new hands, several letters of inquiry have been received and requests for a copy of the Wainwright journal.

This district has never received any too much advertising the country speaks for itself but if it were advertised as some places with little or no prospects, so that reports could be relied upon, the result would certainly be marvelous. It is understood that during the coming year the town and district are to be freely advertised and at that time, we hope that our fair land will forge even farther to the front. Even at the present time, with little or no advertising, Wainwright is attracting the best and wealthiest of settlers; both daily trains into the town, bring men who have heard of the existing prospects. There is surely then a great future ahead, when this district, rich in its resources and numberless opportunities, will advance by leaps and bounds and finally bring itself to that prominence, which so many have predicted—the land of wealth and plenty.

We print anything in the printing line from a calling card to a newspaper

All job work turned out in latest city style at short notice

LETTERS to the EDITOR

To the Editor of the Wainwright Journal:—

Having seen a copy of your valuable paper here in Ontario, containing information of the Wainwright District, I herewith enclose one dollar for subscription until the end of 1911.

I am greatly interested in the west and from what information I have seen of your own district and what reports I have heard, I am thinking of coming to your town in the spring

Would I be asking too much if I requested you to send me a little personal information of your town and country? I understand that there are two if not more real estate agents at Wainwright, please see what they have to offer in the way of land investments or get them to write me.

I hope that I am not asking to much of you but if you will favor me with a little information, I would understand things perhaps better when I came to your town.

I feel from what I have heard that the district in the vicinity of Wainwright must have a particularly heavy and rich soil and that is why I am thinking of trying to locate there.

Thanking you in anticipation, I am,

Yours respectfully,
Box "P,"
Parrsborough.

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that in accordance with the provisions of the Irrigation Act, the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company have filed the necessary memorial and plans required by Sections 13 and 15 of the said Act, with the Commissioner of Irrigation, at Calgary Alberta.

The applicant Company applies for the right to divert one-sixth of one cubic foot of water per second from Lake Clare on the north-east quarter of Section 6, township 42, range 25, west of the 3rd meridian, for industrial purposes and for the right to construct the necessary works as shown by the memorial and plans filed, to enable the water so diverted to be used for the said industrial purposes in the Company's tanks, engines and buildings at Mile Post 600, west of Winnipeg.

The said northeast quarter of Section 6, is also affected by right-of-way for the proposed works.

Dated at Winnipeg, Man., this 19th day of September, 1910.

D'ARCY TATE
Solicitor for Applicant

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Public Building, Strathcona, Alberta," will be received at this office until 4.00 p. m., on Monday, October 24, 1910, for construction of the building mentioned.

Plans, specification and form of contract can be seen and forms of tender obtained at the office of Mr. Joseph Greenfield, resident architect, Winnipeg, Man., Mr. W. T. Mollard, Clerk of Works, Regina, Sask., at the Post office, Strathcona, Alberta, and at this Department.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, and signed with their actual signatures, stating their occupations and places of residence. In the case of firms, the actual signature, the nature of the occupation, and place of residence of each member of the firm must be given.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent, 10 p. c. of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the person tendering decline to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
R. C. DESROCHERS,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works.
Ottawa, September 21, 1910.

Newspapers will not be paid for this advertisement if they insert it without authority from the Department.

Bourchier & Brogan

AUCTIONEERS

For further information inquire at Buffalo Stables

Sales conducted in any part of the province.

NOTICE

To Creditors And Others Having Claims Against the Estate of JOHN E. SPRY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that all creditors and others having claims against the estate of John E. Spry, deceased, late of Wainwright in the Province of Alberta, who died at Big Eddy on the McLeod River in the said Province on the 31st day of May, 1910, are required before expiration of two months from this advertisement to send by post pre-paid or to deliver to National Trust Company, Limited, Edmonton, Alberta, Public Administrator, their names, adresses and descriptions and a full statement of particulars of their claims and the nature of the security (if any) held by them duly verified by Statutory Declaration and that after the last mentioned date the administrator will proceed to distribute the assets of the said estate amongst the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which they shall then have notice.

Dated at Edmonton this 1st day of October A. D. 1910.

Griesbach & O'Connor.
Solicitors for the Administrator

UNION BANK OF CANADA

Capital, Rest and Undivided Profits $[illegible].

Total Assets Over $[illegible].

Spend the Balance

Don't spend all you like and save the balance—if there is any.

Save what you know you should—then spend the rest.

The difference, in a few years, will be the difference between poverty and independence.

Open a Savings Account now, in this Bank. It will make the saving easier.

WAINWRIGHT BRANCH — R. B. DAVISON, Manager

BRANCH ALSO AT IRMA

TWELFTH NIGHT

REMEMBER DATE

TUESDAY OCTOBER 11

IN THE AUDITORIUM

Under the auspices of the Wainwright Citizens Band.

Shakespeare's ideal comedy, "Twelfth Night," will be presented by a large company, including William Yule and Violet Eddy.

Reserved Seats $1.00

General Admission 75c

Plan at Wainwright Pharmacy. Course tickets now on sale. Sale for "Twelfth Night" starts next Tuesday.

WALL PAPERS — PICTURE FRAMING

Listen! Listen! Listen!

Get the Edison Phonograph and keep on listening

A supply of the Latest new Records every month

Long dreary winter evenings pass very quickly when the Edison Phonograph is in the home.



The Edison Phonograph will always make your home cheerful and drive away the blues.

You can save money anyway by dealing with us.

Why?

Because we pay the freight, but during the month of October, we will give something else as well.

There are a few snaps left from the mammoth September Sale in chairs, beds, blankets and oilcloths. To clear them out we shall sell to first comers at sale prices.

Make no mistake in the place

W. SMALL & CO.

The Wainwright Ideal House Furnishers and Funeral Directors

MEDICAL

W. ARCHIBALD WATSON, Physician and Surgeon Graduate Northwestern University Chicago. House Surgeon People's Hospital, Chicago, for one year. Office: over S. C. Betts & Co, store, Residence, 5th Ave and Main Street.

J. G. MIDDLEMASS, M. D., Graduate of Trinity and Toronto University, Toronto, Ont. Office, Room 2, Small Block.

DENTAL

Dr. J. W. McQueen Dentist, late of Strathcona. Graduate of Detroit College of Dental Surgery and of Haskell Post Graduate College Denistry, Chicago. Office, Wainwright.
At office in Wainwright weeks of second Monday and fourth Monday of each month.

LEGAL

H. V. FIELDHOUSE, B.A., L.L.B., Barrister-at-Law, Advocate, Notary Public Etc.
Special attention given to collections, Money to Loan, Fire and Life Insurance written.
Office, East of Merchants Bank on Second Avenue.

ARCHITECT

STIMPSON & COOK, Structural Engineers and Building Designers. School Plans a Specialty. Wainwright, Alberta

CONTRACTORS

E. C. BUCKLEY, Contractor and Builder. Estimates furnished. Wainwright, Alberta.

LODGE NOTICES

The Knights of Pythias

WAINWRIGHT Lodge, No 28, Knights of Pythias, meets every Wednesday evening at 8.00 in the Wainwright Hall. Visiting brethren cordially invited to attend.

C. T. LALLY, C.C. — N. CULP, K.R.S

The Wainwright Lodge No. 45 I.O.O.F.

Meets every other Monday night at 8 o'clock in the Wainwright Hall. Visiting brethren cordialy invited to attend.

Roy Readman, R. S. — W.E. Mills, N G.

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that in accordance with the provisions of The Irrigation Act, the undersigned has filed the necessary plans and memorial required by Sections 13 and 15 of the said Act, with the Commissioner of Irrigation, at Calgary, Alta.

The applicant applies for the right to divert sufficient water per second from Ribstone Creek on the southeast quarter of Sec. 33, township 43, range 5, west 4th meridian for irrigation purposes and for the right to construct the necessary works as shown by the memorial and plans filed, to enable the water so diverted to be used for the said irrigation purposes, on the following lands, viz:—The said southeast quarter of Section 33, the southwest quarter of Section 34, and the northwest quarter of 27, all in the said township and range.

Dated at Greenshields, Alta., this 28th day of July, 1910.

W. J. KELLY,
Applicant

Star to end of 1911 for $1.00

The Merchants Bank OF CANADA

Established 1864 — Head Office—Montreal

Paid up capital .... $ 6,000,000
Reserve fund 4,600,000
Total assets 65,000,000

GENERAL BUSINESS

Loans made to Merchants, Farmers, Ranchers, Corporations, Local Improvement Districts and School Sections

ADVANCES AGAINST GRAIN

Money advanced to farmers upon the security of independent warehouse receipts or bills of lading

Savings Bank Department at all branches

WAINWRIGHT BRANCH — H. O. MORISON, Mgr.

What are they all Talking About

?

"MY BOOTMAN"

The Law Compels You to Wear Clothes

Self-Respect and Good Taste Compel You to Wear Good

CLOTHES

Every man is interested in the clothes question. Most men enjoy being well dressed. The law and the climate compel attention to the subject, even among those who might otherwise overlook its importance. Some men go through life making mistakes upon mistake in buying clothes. They either pay too much, too little, or pay just enough, but do not get what they pay for. Have you ever worn a Semi-ready Suit? If not, join the host of men who have been wearing these clothes for years with entire satisfaction.

BISSON & SON

Semi-Ready Tailors

Take Care of Your Eyes

CONSULT

H. C. KING

OPTICIAN AND JEWELLER

Wainwright

Quality Up! Price Down!

By a lucky turn I got some fat steers at a low price and intend to give my customers the benefit of it.

Here are my prices for this week:—

Sirloin and Porter House Steak.. 2 lbs for	25c
Round Steak	10c
Prime Roast	10c
Boiling and Stewing	4c, 5c, 6c

I have a first-class meat cutter now at your service and he will be able to give you just what you want.

Butter and Eggs always on hand

N. R. DINGMAN

I make a specialty of the Grocery and Provision trade.

My prices will be found as low as the lowest, and goods as good as the best. If you are not trading with me, we are both losers.

A. C. Armstrong

THE GROCER

An Advantage in Settling in this District

Is that you can buy your Agricultural Implements from us. We are agents for the leading manufacturers and can fit you out with anything you require to till the soil with, or to handle the crop.

Harpell & Pawling

Buffalo Livery Stable

CATTLEY & GREGSON, PROPS.

LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLE

LOOK FOR THE BUFFALO SIGN if you want a neat and stylish rig. Special attention to the Commercial Trade. If you wish to drive out to see the Buffalo, call at our stable.

DRAYING AND CARTAGE

The Manitoba Assurance Co.

Fire Insurance Only



POLICIES GUARANTEED BY THE

Liverpool London Globe Insurance Co.

Cash Assets Exceed $55,000,000

All losses paid promptly on adjustment without discount

WAINWRIGHT REALTY CO.

Exclusive Agents

FALL DRY GOODS

Peabody Overalls | Slater Shoes

BETTS & CO.

We have a large range of dry goods and fancy suitings. All the newest goods.

These are in dress lengths only; no two the same.

PRICES FROM

$8.00 to $15.00

A DRESS LENGTH

BETTS & CO.

Slater Shoes | Peabody Overalls

CHOOSE YOUR DRESS NOW

Threshers' Supplies

We carry a complete stock of these goods which includes—

Steam Fittings, Globes and Check Valves, Gauge Glasses, Gauge Glass Cutters, Rubber Sheet Packing, Asbestos Sheet and Wire Packing, Spiral Steam Packing, etc.

Lace Leather, Belt Dressing, Grease Cups.

Traction Engine Headlights.

Cotton and Jute Grain Bags.

Flue Cleaners and Tube Expanders.

Also a full line of Oils, Cup Greases, Cotton Waste.

We have the goods. We want your business.

Washburn & Mills

The Hardware People

If It's Hardware We Have It

CHICKENS!

The chicken season is now open, and to get them you will need a good

GUN

and the best of

Ammunition

We have both. In guns we can suit the most fastidious. In Hammerless we handle the celebrated LEFEVER, REMINGTON, WINCHESTER, and BATAVIA SPECIAL. The Alger Arms Co. in Hammer Guns

CARTRIDGES

Ballistite, Eley's Sovereign and Kynock's in all gauges. Smokeless and Black Powder. Headquarters for all Sporting Goods

MUSSON & ROSS

Hardware Dealers

Corner 2nd and Main WAINWRIGHT

Chimneys Built Country Work Solicited

J. C. FORSYTH

PLIN AND ORNMENTL

PLASTERER

Work promptly attended to. Satisfaction guaranteed

☞ Orders may be left with E. T. Stimpson, architect ☜

Toot! Toot!



Here comes the threshers:

What about a good, big roast?

Special prices on large orders.

We have the quality that makes the cook smile.

The Pioneer Meat Market

E. F. MOTT, Proprietor

COAL! COAL! COAL!

Don't be deceived. We are the sole agents for

CLOVER BAR COAL

This is coal that burns to the last ounce; coal that is all coal.

Wainwright Fuel Company

V. E. GRAHAM, Manager

TRY OUR COATED

WATERPROOF PAPER

☞ It is very little more expensive, yet vastly superior to all ordinary plain or tarred papers, as it is waterproof, wind-proof, frost-proof, odorless and will never dry out or lose its life. Buy a roll and be convinced.

Wainwright Lumber Co.

Limited

C. G. Fieldhouse, Manager Second Avenue East

The Best Medicine for the Blues

is a game of POOL on one of our perfect tables

We carry a nice line of Cigars and Tobacco too

THE PALACE BILLIARD ROOMS

GEORGE REYNOLDS, PROP.

When You Buy Get the Best!

We are agents for the celebrated

Hart-Parr Gasoline Engines

and will be glad to talk over its merits with you.

The leading brands of FLOUR and FEED for sale

WAINWRIGHT FLOUR AND FEED COMPANY

P. DEWAR, Manager

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTHWEST LAND REGULATIONS

Any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old may homestead a 1/4 section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within 9 miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter section alongside his homestead. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry, including the time required to earn homestead patent and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may take a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth $300.

W. W. CORY

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior

N. B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

THE PASSION PLAYERS

VILLAGE OF OBERAMMERGAU AT ITS DAILY WORK.

The Peasants Are a Courteous and Religious People Who Never Out Their Hair—Faces of the Performers Become Familiar — Johann Zwink's Portrayal of Judas is a Wonderful Piece of Dramatic Art.

A most fascinating place is Ober-Ammergau. One calls it a village because it is impossible to think of it as a town, in spite of its 1,650 inhabitants. It seems to be built anyhow. The houses are white, with deep-browed red roofs. Many of them are gaily painted, not only as to their woodwork and with quaint devices around the windows and doors, but with pictures, sacred and profane, and one of them has the whole of its wall space decorated in this way with frescoes done a hundred years ago by a great master in the art. The tortuous streets are full of little steps and some big ones, in most of which carvings are displayed for sale, and in this festival year there are temporary booths besides, for the sale of post cards or other things that the modern traveler has need of. The rocky mountains, studded with dark pines, and still in part snow-covered, rise on either side, and on the summit of the highest peak is an enormous wooden cross, so far above you that it looks as if it were made of matchwood, writes Archibald Marshall in an interesting article in The London Daily Mail.

As you walk about the streets and the country roads almost every one you meet hails you with "Gruess Gott!" and the men and boys raise their green, feather hats.

It is worth while staying in Ober-Ammergau for a day or two just to see after a performance, if only to see the players going about their daily work. You recognize a girl who serves you in a shop, a smiling German Fraulein with her fair hair neatly plaited—as one of the sweet singers in the choir of "Guardian Angels," when she wore a robe of gold and purple over her white, girlish garment, and her hair fell from beneath her crown to below the waist. An urchin paddling in the mud outside the schoolhouse stood with arms outstretched for full two minutes in one of the tableaux and never stirred. At the blacksmith's forge a man with a noble, classical face and gray hair and beard is shoeing a horse. Every day he was for the third time leader of the chorus, a kingly figure in gold crown and scarlet robe, with a fine voice and a splendid dignity of bearing. Everywhere you meet familiar faces, for during the long hours of the performance they were stamped themselves in your memory.

I was taken to the house of Johann Zwick, and we were shown an old porcelain stove in the corner. A sweet-faced young girl talked with us for a little and then said she would go and fetch her father. She was Ottilie Zwink, who takes the part of Mary the Mother of Jesus. She is not yet 20, but she is already spoken of as one of the best representatives of a most difficult part that the play has ever had. She is the Mater Dolorosa, her voice full of piercing sorrow and her eyes of tears.

Presently her father came in, a gray-haired man with a kindly, somewhat pathetic face. He is a house painter, and he apologized for the state of his working clothes. He has gone through many troubles, and only recently lost his eldest son, who had been a hopeless invalid for ten years. He had been Isaac in the tableaux of 1900, and it is said that he contracted the rheumatic fever from which he died by sleeping on damp hay, when all the beds in his father's house were given up to the visitors.

As a young man, Johann Zwink twice played the part of the Apostle John. This year, for the third time, he is taking the part of Judas. He comes in first with the other disciples who surround their Master in His triumphal entry into Jerusalem. You would hardly notice him. He is one of the group. But in the house of Simon, when the Magdalene anoints the head and the feet of Christ, he begins to make his mark. He stares in a puzzled, startled way at the waste, and grumbles at it. But there is no wickedness apparent in him yet. He is the treasurer of the little society, anxious for the morrow.

When he next appears, on the road to Jerusalem, he seems a little detached from the rest; his faith in the future is weakened. "But, Master," he says, "if Thou are really about to leave us, make some provision for us. See here, there is not enough for one day more"; and when he is left alone he makes up his mind to withdraw, tired of hoping for glories to come. The dispossessed traders come upon him in this mood and persuade him to tell where his Master is to be found, and so reap the reward offered by the Sanhedrin. "That is no betrayal," he says to himself, when they have left him.

Then we see him at the last supper, sitting wrapped in his suspicious thoughts, his back half-turned to the rest. Unwillingly, almost snatching at them, he receives the bread and the wine. When he appears before the Sanhedrin to claim his reward the good Nicodemus rebukes him with hot indignation. He stands trembling, but the silver pieces brought in temp'ter again. His traitor's kiss, when standing on tiptoe, his whole attitude tense and fearful, he reaches over Christ's shoulder and greets Him with his "Hail, Master!" is one of the thrilling moments of the play, and can never be forgotten. Afterward we see him stricken with horror on being told that the Master he has betrayed is to die, his quick remorse, and the dreadful scene of his preparing to hang himself in a lonely wood.

It was difficult to believe that this gentle red-faced man, sitting by the stove in his splashed clothes, was the man who had been the living, breathing object of the whole world's execration the day before.

When Bears Intrude.

"Bear fur has been so low in price the last few years that I have not tried to catch them if they would let my camps alone and keep out of mischief," writes a New Brunswick trapper to The Fur News. "But they quite often break into the camps, and then I have to kill them, whether the fur is good or not. If they do get into a camp butter and coffee seem to be their first choice, but they generally smash everything that will break, and what they don't eat they will destroy, and if they once learn to break into a camp the only way to stop them is the trap or gun."

ARE ATTACKING RECORD.

"amous Endurance Test of "231 is Marvel of English Horsemen.

An attempt is to be made under the patronage of prominent English sporting men to break the extraordinary record for long distance horseback riding made on Nov. 5, 1831, by Squire George Osbaldeston on the Newmarket round course. Including fifty stoppages and a quarter of an hour for refreshments, the squire won 2,000 guineas in stakes and a large sum in his own private wagers by riding 200 miles in 8 hours and 42 minutes.

He covered the distance in a cold rainstorm, starting at 7 a.m., weighing in at 137 pounds, including saddle and bridle, and taking the full round course of four miles at each lap. Fifty times he circled it, and as many times he changed horses.

The famous ride was taken as the result of a bet by Gen. Charite that the 200 miles could not be covered in ten hours even with an unlimited number of horses. One nobleman bet 1,000 to 1 the squire could not do it in nine hours.

The squire had twenty-eight horses at his disposal, and he covered the first 100 miles in little less than four hours and twenty minutes. Then he rested for fifteen minutes, refreshing himself with a cold partridge and a glass of sherry. The whole distance was ridden in seven hours, nineteen minutes and four seconds, the rest of the time being spent in stoppages to breast and shoulder mount. His best horse was Tranby, which he rode on four separate laps, the time being:

First lap—Eight minutes ten seconds.

Second lap—Eight minutes flat.

Third lap—Eight minutes fifteen seconds.

Fourth lap—Eight minutes fifty seconds.

Fayer did a lap in eight minutes eight seconds and Ipsala in eight minutes twenty seconds. On the other hand, the horse Ikey Solomon took twelve minutes and was the worst of the lot. It had to be whipped around the course, and Osbaldeston had to dismount once on the stretch.

The squire was forty-five years old when he accomplished his historic sporting feat. His training for the event had consisted in riding sixty-five miles each morning in two and a half hours and walking after partridges the rest of the day to harden his muscles. It is said the horse Tranby was the son of Blacklock out of an Orville mare sent to Virginia in February, 1835.

Eighth Child—and Heir.

The Earl of Normanton, who, after sixteen years of marriage, has recently been celebrating the advent of an heir, is to receive on behalf of his son the infant Viscount Somerton, a silver cup, the gift of his South Lincolnshire tenantry. These honest folk have been as anxious for an heir as the earl, whose seven previous children have been daughters; and they have taken the first opportunity of showing their satisfaction, says M.A.P. The earl is a descendant of the York shire Agars, who settled in Ireland in 1600, and it was a younger brother of James Agar, first Lord Clifden, who became successively Baron and Viscount Somerton and Earl of Normanton. In 1801 he was Primate of Ireland. The present earl owns an estate of 35,000 acres spread over eight counties, and his rent roll is enormous. He is a well-known art patron, a clever musician, takes a keen interest in yachting, and, like his father, is a member of the Royal Yacht Squadron. At Somerley, near Ringwood, in the New Forest, there is a notable picture gallery, which contains, in addition to some fine examples of Greuze, Romney, and Gainsborough, the "Seven Cardinal Virtues" by Reynolds, which years ago were valued at $400,000, but which, in these days of inflated prices, must be worth nearer $500,000.

Appendicitis' Cause Found?

Sir Lauder Brunton, one of England's most eminent physicians, told the public health congress that met at Richmond that he believed the large increase of appendicitis during the last twenty years was due to modern methods of grinding wheat into flour.

Explaining his hypothesis, Sir Lauder said that years ago wheat was always ground between two millstones, but to-day it was ground between steel rollers, which really acted like scissors, the wheat being cut up. Wheat ground in the new way would be different under the microscope from that ground under old-fashioned conditions, and there might be a different tendency attributed to this.

He had seen an extraordinary report on endemic neuritis in America, which, it was stated, was produced by polished rice. If the patients ate the rice without its being polished they got well. This showed how minute alterations would produce extraordinary changes in the individual.

How Tarrant Learned to Bowl.

Frank Tarrant, the famous Australian all-rounder, who has done great deeds for Middlesex, England, had a father who insisted on his son being a left-hand bowler, although young Frank had a natural aptitude for right-arm bowling. His paternal relative considered that left-handed bowlers had a distinct advantage, and used to tie his son's right hand behind him and make him bowl with his left. At that time Johnnie Briggs was touring in Australia, and Tarrant senior's ambition was to make Frank a Johnnie Briggs! "I got to bowl left-handed because I had to," confesses Tarrant, "and ultimately I lost all use in my right hand for bowling." Tarrant, however, bats right. A curious coincidence is that Johnnie Briggs as a lad was naturally left-handed, but his father objected to Johnnie batting left-handed. Young Briggs, therefore, batted right—and bowled left.—Tit-Bits.

His Suggestion.

"Why don't you call your newspaper the Appendix?" asked the enemy of the political boss.

"Any special reason for wanting me to do so?"

"Well, it's a useless organ."

South African Prodigy.

A Cape Town student named Jan Hendrik Hofmeyr has just established a record which is probably without parallel in modern times. Although he is only fifteen years of age, he has graduated B.A. at the Cape University, with first-class honors in classics. He has been awarded a Rhodes' scholarship, but will not proceed to Oxford until 1913.

Pigeon Fosters Bantam.

Finding a bantam's egg in its box, a pigeon has hatched a young bantam, at Briston, Norfolk, Eng., and rearing it in pigeon style. The difficulty will come when it tries to teach it to fly.

STOMACH MISERY

BANISHED BY "FRUIT-A-TIVES"

MR. ALCIDE HEBERT

Stratford Centre, Wolfe Co., Que.

"I have been completely cured of a frightful condition of my Stomach through the wonderful fruit medicine "Fruit-a-tives". I could not eat anything but what I suffered awful pain from Indigestion.

My head ached incessantly.

I was told to try "Fruit-a-tives" and sent for six boxes. Now I am entirely well, can eat any ordinary food and never have a Headache."

ALCIDE HEBERT.

50c. a box, 6 for $2.50, or trial box, 25c. At dealers or from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

Preserving the Buffalo.

Down to forty years ago a buffalo stampede was one of the things counted as a hazard by travelers in prairie schooners across the plains. Those who can recall Capt. Mayne Reid will remember his description of the ominous cloud of dust on the far horizon which anon became a living mass, beneath whose bounding weight the face of the earth trembled and became transformed.

Within little less than a generation from the time the "great hunt" began, the buffalo had vanished from his wonted haunts. Only by his departure in twos and fours into the fastnesses of the desert was he able to save himself from extinction. He had been pursued and shot down relentlessly, and while the fever of the hunt was on, it was all he could do to save his species from annihilation.

Only a few were left, and these were scattered. Little by little they were picked up at length by the white man, now become repentent, and for thirty years an honest effort has been put forth, by private individuals and by the Government, to conserve the remnant. As a result there are now 2,108 American bison in Canada and the United States. Of these 625 are in Canada. In nearly every municipal zoological garden there are a few. The number is increasing annually and the prospects are that, in the great national reservations, children of coming generations may see herds almost as great in size as those which were encountered ordinarily by the overland immigrant in the days of the making of the West.

The Granary of the World.

We have so long been accustomed to call the northwestern States the "granary of the world" that it comes as a surprise to be told that that title is soon to pass to the wheat-raising fields of Canada. Such is the confident assertion of many prominent Canadians, and if figures be the only proof they have ample reason for so saying. Canada has 25,000,000 acres upon which wheat may be grown, or five times the wheat land now cultivated in the United States; her crop amounts to 20 bushels and upward per acre, far in advance of our average, 13 bushels; our growing population will eventually consume all the wheat we can raise, and it is not unlikely that we shall have to call on Canada for supplies.

Presenting Cullinan Jewels.

Sir Richard Solomon, High Commissioner of the Union of South Africa, had the honor the other week on behalf of the Government and people of the Union of South Africa, of presenting to Her Majesty the Queen, in commemoration of the Union of the South African colonies, six diamond mounted as ornaments and cut out of the well-known Cullinan stone, which was discovered early in 1905 in the Premier Diamond mine, near Pretoria. The two largest of these diamonds, which are considered by experts to be of matchless quality, one weighing 92 and the other 62 carats, have been mounted as a pendant. Three, averaging about 10 carats each, have been mounted as a small pendant, and the sixth diamond as a ring.

It Generally Is.

Greatly to the pride and pleasure of his father, Lord Rosebery's second son, the Hon. Neil Primrose, was elected to Parliament for a division in Cambridgeshire.

During the contest, however, reference was constantly made to Lord Rosebery's opposition to the budget, which his son supported.

On one occasion the candidate was asked whether this action on the part of his father did not amount to "hitting below the belt."

"Exactly," said Mr. Primrose, "But when one's father does hit one, it is generally below the belt."

"You don't seem to print the results of the races."

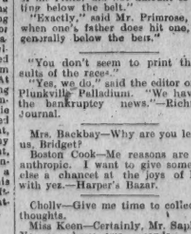
"Yes, we do," said the editor of The Plunkville Palladium. "We have all the bankruptcy news."—Richmond Journal.

Mrs. Backbay—Why are you leaving us, Bridget?

Boston Cook—Me reasons are philanthropic. I want to give some wan else a chanced at the joys of living with yez.—Harper's Bazar.

Cholly—Give me time to collect my thoughts.

Miss Keen—Certainly, Mr. Sapleigh. You can have two seconds—



London, the Dignified.

London holds itself rigidly aloof from rivalry with the great cities of the continent. It permits Berlin and Paris to boast of their attractions in order to lure the American tourist; for itself it seems content to say:

"Here I am, the greatest city in the world, with unrivalled museums and picture galleries, not to mention tailors and dressmakers. Come and see me if you want to, but if you don't want to—well, I dare say I'll be able to get along without you."

Berlin and Paris are now in open competition. Berlin thinks it is a more fascinating city than Paris, and it intimates that its night life is far more alluring than Paris'. It boasts that some of its all-night restaurants don't take down the shutters until midnight, while Paris, excepting a few places on the Montmartre, is yawning sleepily at three in the morning and thinking of going to bed. Berlin's white light district is at that hour just beginning to get into its stride, and its gait shows no signs of lagging until after sunrise.

Paris, despite the modernness of Berlin and its nocturnal brilliancy, continues to be the Mecca of American sons, men and women. Berlin's shops, of course, cannot compare with those of Paris, although its restaurants and beer halls are in many details the equal of those of Paris. Until Berlin creates another Rue de la Paix it will remain behind Paris in its attractions for the American woman and her daughter. Excepting Fifth avenue, there is no other street in the world that so appeals to the imagination of the American woman.—Indianapolis News.

Hope for the Chronic Dyspeptic.

Through lack of consideration of the body's needs many persons allow disorders of the digestive apparatus to endure until they become chronic, filling days and nights with suffering. To these a course of Parmelee Vegetable Pills is recommended as sure and speedy way to regain health. These pills are carefully compounded to combat dyspepsia and the many ills that follow in its train and they are successful always.

"The way to run this country," said the village politician, "is to put thoroughly wise, capable, alert and honest men in control of all affairs."

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne; "but what are we going to do? There is only one of you."

"The way to run this country,"

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.

"There's a colored man in Arkansas worth four million dollars."

"How everything is going up! Before the war it took a prize good specimen to be worth $4,000.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Census Man—Now your age, madam. How old are you?

Mrs. Giddy—It's none of your business, and I'll never tell you in this world.

Census Man—All right, madam; I'll put you down at forty-three.

Mrs. Giddy — Why, you horrid thing! I'm only thirty-eight.—Harper's Weekly.

Shiloh's Cure

quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs. - - - 25 cents.

A cricket club formed a gymnasium for the use of its members during the winter months, and an instructor was engaged to teach jiu-jitsu. Recently one of the cricketers turned up with a bandaged head, and said some youth had inflicted the injury. "What is," exclaimed the jiu-jitsu instructor. "You mean to say you let a youth know you about like that? why didn't you use jiu-jitsu?"

"I couldn't."

"Nonsense! There's no conceivable situation to which jiu-jitsu cannot be successfully applied. Show me where he gripped you."

"I am sorry to say he didn't grip me anywhere. He just threw a brick on my head from a third-floor window."—Ideas.

College Ways in 1824.

College men of other days were not at all "greasy grinds," if one is to judge from the appendix to a very diverting little book entitled "Gradus ad Cantabrigiam" (referring to the English Cambridge), published in 1824. The authors, in giving hints to freshmen how best to enjoy themselves during their stay at the university, enjoin them as follows.—

"Cut lectures, go to chapel as little as possible, dine in hall seldom more than once a week, give wine and dessert spreads, keep a horse or two, go to Newmarket, attend the six-mile bottom, drive a drag, wear varmint clothes and well built coats, be up to a smoke, a rum one at Barnwell, a regular go at New Zealand, a staunch admirer of the Bottle, and care a rap for no one."—Bailey's Magazine.

The Smell of the Cannery.

A man writing to a New York newspaper makes this statement and enquiry: "I notice that Mary Gaynor has been detected smoking a big, black cigar. Will you kindly inform me what becomes of all the other cigars? I never read of anyone smoking any other than the big, fat, black kind.—Rochester Herald.

The New York newspaper's correspondent is probably the same man who cannot understand why the negro who gets into trouble is always burly. Chicago Record-Herald.

Now that you mention it, why is it that blonde widows are always dashing and brunette-holders are invariably beaten? This naturally leads up to the callow youth the genial landlord and the crisp ten-dollar bill, long since consigned to the cannery.—Detroit Free Press.

A Slight Mistake.

"It's curious to observe," says a Maryland paper, "the manner in which many illiterate persons prosper. I once had a business that used to take me at intervals to a certain place on the Eastern Shore. On one occasion I went into a store there, the proprietor of which could neither read nor write. While I was there a man came in—evidently a regular customer.

"'I owe you some money, don't I?' he enquired.

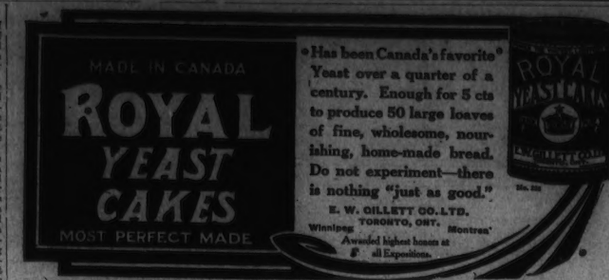
"The storekeeper went to the door and turned it around so that the back was visible.

"'Yes,' he said, 'you owe me for a cheese.'

"'Cheese!' exclaimed the customer. 'I don't owe you for any cheese!'

"The storekeeper gave another look at the door.

"'You're right,' said he. 'It's a grindstone. I didn't see the dot over the "i" in the middle.'"



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Trial by Ordeal in Japan.

Trial by ordeal still exists in some parts of Japan. If a theft takes place in a household all the servants are required to write a certain word with the same brush. The conscience is supposed to betray its workings in the waves of the ideographs written. Tracing the ideograph involves such an effort of muscular directness and unclivided attention that this device often leads to the discovery of the guilty party. The test is, at all events, more humane than the ordeal of boiling water, to which accused persons were formerly submitted in Japan.—London Chronicle.

Revive the Jaded Condition.—When

energy flags and the cares of business become irksome; when the whole system is out of sorts and there is general depression, try Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. They will regulate the action of a deranged stomach and a disordered liver ,and make you feel like a new man. No one need suffer a day from debilitated digestion when so simple and effective a pill can be got at any drug store.

"He loves me, he loves me not," murmured the romantic summer boarder.

"You must have picked a thousand daisies to pieces to-day," remarked the old farmer.

"Possibly I have."

"Couldn't ye play the game just as well with potato bugs?"—Pittsburg Post.

"Say, I have an awful pain. I wonder if it is appendicitis? Can you tell me on what side one gets it?"

"Why, on the inside, of course."—Puck.

Tailor—Sir, I have made clothes for some of the best houses.

Customer—Maybe they will fit a horse. They certainly won't fit a man.—Puck.

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Right on the Job.

"Yes," said the busy merchant, "I advertised for a porter, but only a strong, muscular man can fill the place. What was your last occupation?"

"I carved spring chickens in a down town restaurant," answered the applicant.

"Take off your coat and get to work at once," said the busy merchant, as he turned to his ledger.—Chicago News.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

Professor—To what class of maladies does insomnia belong?

Bright Student—Why—er—insomnia is a contagious disease.

Professor—Where did you learn that?

Bright Student—From experience. When my neighbor's dog can't sleep at night I can't either.—Chicago News.

Shiloh's Cure

quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs. - - - 25 cents.

"Do you—er—do you think, Miss Dobleigh, that you will be—er—engaged next Thursday evening?" asked Tompy very bashfully.

"Well, really, Mr. Tompy," replied Ethel, "I don't know, but if you can get up spunk enough between now and then to do your share I think there's a fair prospect that I shall be."

And Tompy did.—Harper's Weekly.

Failed.

Friend—So your great Russian actor was a total failure?

Manager—Yes. It took all our profits to pay for running the electric light sign with his name on it.—Puck.

Hoss—How fast can your car go?

Nobb—The cops never let me find out.—Brooklyn Life.

A Profitable Challenge.

A well known French actor became involved in a discussion with an American, grew heated, drew his card from his pocket, threw it on the table with a tragic air and stalked out. The American regarded the card for some moments, then took out his fountain pen, wrote "Admit bearer" above the engraved line and went off to the theatre.—Argonaut.

Only the uninformed endure the agony of corns. The knowing ones apply Holloway's Corn Cure and get relief.

Yeast—Do you think there is a penalty for lying?

Crimsonbeak—Sure! I know a fellow who dislocated his shoulder while stretching out his hands to show the size of the fish he claimed he had caught!—Yonkers Statesman.

"Well, here I am," announced the fashionable physician in his breezy way. "And now, what do you think is the matter with you?"

"Doctor," hardly know," murmured the fashionable patient. "What is new?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

CONSTIPATION

is an enemy within the camp. It will undermine the strongest constitution and ruin the most vigorous health. It leads to indigestion, biliousness, impure blood, bad complexion, sick headaches, and is one of the most frequent causes of appendicitis. To neglect it is slow suicide. Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills positively cure Constipation. They are entirely vegetable in composition and are not sicken, weaken or gripe. Preserve your health by taking

DR. MORSE'S INDIAN ROOT PILLS.



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A COPY OF THIS PICTURE IS ON VIEW AT THE PUBLICATION OFFICE OF THIS PAPER AND CAN BE OBTAINED FROM THE EDITOR FOR THE SAME PRICE, 25 CENTS.

SCHOOL for HOUSEWIVES

By MARION HARLAND

JUST ONE DAY—A LAY SERMON

TWENTY-ODD years ago John Habberton, the author of "Helen's Babies," wrote a book entitled "Just One Day." It was the history of a housemother's day, from the peep of dawn, when she was awakened by the baby's cooing and calling, until the "children were nestled all snug in their beds" and the weary woman had time to sit down to mend the clothes they had torn in their play.

It was a realistic tale—so true in every particular that I wrote to the anonymous author, thanking "her" for entering into and describing so fully and sympathetically the trials and cares and compensations none but the mother of a family who is loving and conscientious can appreciate. I came to know the genial writer in afterdays when he had dropped the mask of anonymity and laughed with him over my mistake. I, likewise, came to know his wife, and somewhat intimately, and I saw whence he got his facts and "local color." As I had divined, a woman was back of the story.



MONDAY

I was over 40 years old when I opened my eyes to the great truth that we live but a day at a time, and that the dear Father measures our strength mercifully and wisely in telling us to act and think and feel as if we were never to have another. I had been a Bible reader from my youth up and a student of life and human nature ever since I was old enough to rate cause and effect at something like their proper value. Yet it was reserved for a friend who was no older than I to teach me the lesson



TUESDAY

I put into practice from that hour. She had had many and terrible sorrows. Her husband and child had died within a year of each other; her father survived them but a short time; next, the brother who had given her a home in her desolate widowhood was taken from her by sudden death. When I visited her she was in a home for incurables—the sunlight of the dreary place, ready with cheery word and helping hand, so far as her feeble powers would let her act, to make life endurable for some one more helpless than herself.

"How do you live?" I burst out in a passion of pity.

"By living one day at a time—just one day!" answered the brave creature with a smile that was like heaven's own sunlight. "By taking the Master at his word."

Years afterward I made that the text of a book I wrote out of the fullness of a grateful heart. For, by then, I had learned, in and for myself, that it is possible to live "just one day" at a time.

May I tell you some of the things I put into the mouths of the characters in that book? "The Royal Road" I called it. There is no more direct road to happiness and peace.

"A day! Take the beautiful new thing in your hand and look at it. Fresh from God's hand, stamped with his image and superscription; his present to you, and to you alone; made expressly for you, and not another like it in all the universe, or in eternity, past or present. Hold it with both hands and get all the good you can out of it.

"Have you ever thought why the idea of today is repeated in the Lord's prayer? Such a short prayer as it is! 'Give me 'his day my daily food' will do, if you mean it. Food for the soul, food for the heart, food for the mind, and last and least—food for the body."

The same homely preacher goes on to say:

"Trim your day clean at both ends and don't waste a scrap of it. If you are a housekeeper, Monday is washday. You wouldn't mind washday so much if it wasn't for the thought of how much longer it takes to iron than to wash clothes. You have nothing to do with Tuesday until Tuesday comes. Put it out of your mind. Say 'I won't think of it!' and then keep your word. You'll be surprised to find how much more strength you'll have for today if you don't fritter it away worrying over tomorrow. When Tuesday comes, take hold of it, too, with a brave heart and clean, empty hands, with none of Monday's mud sticking to them."

Another refined speaker, whose feet had been set in the Royal Road by



WEDNESDAY

this unlearned evangelist, tells her intimate friend of the sermon and how she had begun the journey.

"I had said over to myself times without number, 'Take no thought for the morrow,' very much as an illiterate peasant wears a scapular and a pagan a charm against the evil eye. Now, when I sat down with the one desire to take God at his word, the text took on a new meaning. By the way, the revised version puts it yet more clearly and strongly than the old. It says:

" 'Be not therefore anxious for the morrow, for the morrow will be anxious for itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' "

Dear sisters!—I should rather say, if I pleased myself, "Dear children!"—I am wondering if any one has recollected that with this month we enter upon the tenth year of my association with and loving ministry to what you have taught me to call "Our Big Family." The thought has not left my mind during my waking hours for weeks past. And with it grows the desire to be yet more of a mother to those who honor me by crowning me with the title. My heart has never been drawn toward you more closely than during the last twelve months of financial distress with many of you and to a larger number of more "taking care for the morrow" than you have ever had to exercise before.

Some of you have told me this in letters. I have guessed at the weight of anxiety that has lain like a nightmare upon others; anxiety which the tenderest friend toiling in the same path cannot lift. Hundreds of families to which privation has hitherto been a stranger have had to practice rigid economy. Hundreds of men have brought home at night grave faces and sad eyes, that struck the hearts of wives with vague forebodings. I do not like to compute the number of letters we have had from widows whose sole support is the earnings of lads of 15 or younger, who have been taken from school and set to work to provide the barest necessaries of life. I shrink yet more from estimating how many women have confided to us, "My husband has been out of work all winter. I am taking in washing"; or, "Can you get plain sewing for me to do?" Squalid and unromantic details these, but they are the driftwood that shows the ebb of the tide of the "times."

Our daily and weekly papers have teemed with editorials and contributions from the pens of financiers and statesmen dealing with "the increased expense of living." The chief sufferers from the increase have borne dumbly the consequences of mismanagement in high places. How heroically, God and his angels know.

Bearing all this upon my heart—since through this our wonderful, if humble, work, I feel that I have my finger upon



THURSDAY

the pulse of our housemotherly band—my thoughts have again and again reverted to the cardinal principle of philosophical and Christian living by the day.

We have absolutely no warrant in the word of God for "taking trouble upon interest." I like the old-fashioned, homely phrase. And the imagination, fevered and perverted by much fearful looking forward, pays compound interest upon every draft upon the vested sum on which we have no moral claim. It is not today's work or hardship that robs the head of the house of appetite and sleep. The mother "can get along today well enough, but where is the food or the money or the work that stands for these to come from tomorrow or next week?"



FRIDAY

It is, I think, John Newton who says in substance that the Father appoints to each the cares of the day, as a man gives his son a stick to carry from the wood. If we will persist in carrying tomorrow's or next week's load, we must do it in our own strength. God nowhere promises grace for fagots.

With the beginning of this, our tenth year of united service, I would lay before you, my faithful and well-beloved constituency, this simple plan of "just one day" at a time. It is not easy to learn it in one or in fifty lessons. Habit is strong and human nature is prone to worry uselessly as the sparks fly upward. But make a beginning! Say to yourself with the dawn of each new morning:

All I have to learn of living
Is to do his will today.

Brace yourself upon the thought and take up the burden of that living. You



SATURDAY

will be amazed presently to see how free it leaves your mind to let tomorrow alone. You will be more amazed to find how much of the sweetness of the day you have lost in forecasting the possibilities of a tomorrow which may never come. Harking back to our unlicensed preacher in "The Royal Road," I quote again:

"Don't sit down to cry over the mistakes you made yesterday. Don't pipe your eye over what you are afraid will come tomorrow. You may never see tomorrow, and if you do, it will be today by the time it gets here, and God, who has never broken a promise, and who will never break one, promises that you shall have strength for the day.

"A man told me, when I was a little shaver, that all the fortune he cared to have was one little pocket in which he could always find a sixpence. All the fortune of time that you need—and this your Heavenly Father knows—is just one little day."

Again I entreat, try the prescription! Or, I would rather say, enter the gate that leads to the Royal Road. It stands open all the day.

If I had not known for myself all these years what peace and strength are to be found there, I should not urge upon you what may seem like advising milk for strong men and women. I wish I could organize, here and now, what one of the women in our story calls "The Royal Roaders." It would outweigh in my mind all else that we have been permitted to do to lighten the mass of human woe. I mean a body of resolute life workers, who would rate today at its full value, and determine to live in it and it alone, leaving the morrow in the hands of him to whom it rightfully belongs.

Another woman, a true poet soul, has written sane and inspiring words in the same key with this, my lay sermon:

Build a little fence of trust
Around today;
Fill the space with loving work,
And therein stay.
Look not through the sheltering bars
Upon tomorrow;
God will help thee bear what comes
Of joy or sorrow.

Marion Harland



SUNDAY

THE HOUSEMOTHERS' EXCHANGE

IMPORTANT NOTICE

BECAUSE of the enormous number of letters sent to the Exchange, I must ask contributors to limit their communications to one hundred words, except in cases of formulas or recipes which require greater space. I want all my correspondents to have a showing in the Corner, and if my request in this respect is complied with, it will be possible to print many more letters.

Symposium Upon Our Domestic Service

IN RESPONSE to my proposal that some of the maids who do not consider theirs an intolerable lot be invited to express their views upon the "Vexed Question," such a flood of letters has been turned into our mail-bag that I am appalled at the task of sifting and selecting from the mass. Most of them are too long and too circumstantial in narration of events that would interest us, had we time to read of them, to be admitted to our Corner. The best I can do is to condense and edit to the best of my ability, presenting the salient points of each story.

Let me remark in advance of the selections that all are written with a freedom and ease and a command of nervous English that would do credit to any educated woman, whatever might be her social status. The chirography is more than fair and the tone of a majority of the letters temperate and well-bred.

Exceptions to the condition I name will speak for themselves.

(No. 1)

Although now a happily married woman, I have not lost my interest in "the girls." I am now their dressmaker, and keep in touch with many of them.

I think most of their troubles are their own fault. They forget what is their place in the world. Savage (or primeval) instinct tells them they should be mistresses of homes, and they do not adapt themselves to circumstances. In a factory a girl does not expect to be the "boss," but when she does the work of a housemother she thinks she should be queen of the hive. And no home—or hive—can contain two queens.

If our maids would realize their true position and respect themselves in it, there would be no servant question.

AN EX-SERVANT (Bittendorf, Iowa).

(No. 2)

Having had ten years of experience as a "second maid," I should be qualified to judge for myself, at least where the trouble lies. * * *

The first woman I worked for had ten in the family, yet the house was the best regulated and the cleanest in which I ever lived. The mistress was the sweetest, most refined person I have ever known. Meals were prompt; there was a place for everything, and everything was kept in place, yet no cross words were spoken on either side. She kept her place and I kept mine. I did my work to the best of my ability, and she appreciated this fact.

My father had business embarrassments, and it became necessary for me to earn more money. My mistress could not afford to give larger wages, and I had to seek them elsewhere. We were both sorry, and parted good friends. * * * I could give various reasons for the fact that I changed places eight times in the next year. I was about to give up in despair, when a friend who was to be married got me her place. That was six years ago, and I am still here. There are six in the family, and my wages are $8 a week. I room with the cook. We have separate beds and our own bathroom. We are allowed to have company when we like.

My mistress gives a luncheon about twice a week—a meal at 1.30, of seven or eight courses, where women gossip about their domestics. About 4 o'clock they all go home, heavy from eating too much and "cranky" from the same cause. My mistress goes to bed, tired out, and stays there until noon next day. Then she is unreasonable in exacting work from me, and querulous in the extreme. I throw all her insolence over my shoulder and plod along, looking at the bright side of the situation. You may think me severe. I know there are nice, considerate mistresses, and girls who are quite happy working for them, and while it would be unjust to judge of all for a miserable few, the same rule may be applied to maids. I would not exchange my lot for that of my mistress. She is not happy. Very few wealthy people are. Work of the right kind and in moderation is a blessing in disguise.

NELLIE (A Chicago Housemaid).

(No. 3)

Yes, I am a servant! But when I read your article in the Exchange, "The Maid Protests," I was disgusted with some of the excuses the girls gave for dissatisfaction with their lot.

I went out to "service" as a child of 11, at first during school vacations, and at 13 left school altogether. I began with 50 cents a week, and I am now earning $7 per week and all expenses, except clothing, paid. As a hospital cook I have earned $40 a month. In hard cash this may not seem as much as some office and "saleswomen" get. Let them pay their board, lodgings and laundry bills and see how much they have left! Then, can they afford the excellent fare I have always had? Have they a nice, cozy bedroom and a good library to select books from? I am sitting now in my room with a panorama before me of lovely fields for miles, yet I am looking over housetops to see it. For my room is in the attic. It is cozy and modern, with a lovely large closet and a private bathroom adjoining. There is steam heat and plenty of hot water all the time. Can your office and shop sisters have these? My kitchen window is lined with flowers and opens upon a beautiful lawn. "Shut up all day," do they say? Not I, with such surroundings!

The "girls" raise their voices and cry, "But we can't all get places like that!" My dear working sisters, there are plenty of just such places. I know of two in this very block looking for good girls to fill them. One thing I am determined upon: I will not sleep in an unfinished attic where it is sweltering hot in summer and freezing in winter. I left one such place, and that in the house of a millionaire! "But," said the "madam," "with such a nice sitting room downstairs!" We couldn't sleep in the sitting room.

Now, about being told when one can go in and out, I have never yet been told that I could not go out if I wanted to go. But I do not care to be out every night of the week, and I keep reasonable hours. Now and then, when there is a party, I have not got in before 2 in the morning. The madam often tries to make things easier for me the next day, if she knows I have been up late. She knows that I will not neglect my work for my pleasure. Things run smoothly in our house, because I try to be quick, thorough, obliging and honest with my employers. * * *

No, I am not made one of the family, because I don't want to be. Their interests do not appeal to me, and mine do not interest them socially. If you are careless, slovenly and slangy, thinking of your pleasures and grievances, instead of your work, don't expect to be carried on a golden spoon. "But you have an easy place," you repeat. Listen, my dear girls! I have been here a year this month. There are three children, besides the father and mother, and a nurse; seventeen rooms in the house and no second girl; a laundress two days in the week, and a cow on the place. That means lots of extra work for me. It is called one of the very hardest places in town. * * *

I realize that there are hard situations by the dozen. But there are plenty of the other kind, too. There are as many real ladies on one side of the kitchen door as on the other. Only, we must be careful to prove that we are well bred at heart. Being a servant does not worry me at all, and in case Prince Charming comes along, I know "our" house will be run on the same principle. That is, there will be a lady in the kitchen as well as in the parlor.

A COOK (Davenport, Iowa).

(No. 4)

Let me say that there may be three mistresses in this place who are all right, but outside of that—oh my! If I could collect the wages due me I could buy all the groceries for a family for three months. I am not exaggerating one bit. I thought Pueblo was the worst yet in this respect, but it seems "there are others."

I am afraid the next generation will find very few who are willing to do housework. I admit there are some girls who are "no good." I have had a taste of both kinds. But what difference would money make with them? It doesn't make the maids any better, or the mistresses, either. The mistress has her work in the world. So have we. We are all employes. My advice to the "girl" is: Pick out a good husband, and get married!

C. A. M. (Pueblo, Col.).

Exercising the editorial privilege of interpolation, I would remind our spicy correspondent that every woman thinks she is getting a "good husband" when she marries. Moreover, that such a percentage of the spouses selected prove unsatisfactory in the long run that it behooves a prudent wage earner to look long and keenly before she leaps from the evils of housework and the "madam" into servitude from which she cannot escape by "changing her place." The hardest way of earning a living is to marry for a home and support.

(No. 5)

In the calling or business of a servant, as I found it before I had a home of my own, I had everything to my advantage, and there was no limit to the many splendid opportunities. Also, what I learned as servant has been invaluable to me as wife, mother and housekeeper.

For four years I was a servant. In this calling I had a home with cultured people, a good salary, promptly paid; a warm room, nicely furnished, and plenty of spare time for myself. Also, there were many little favors and kindnesses shown to me which would take too long to name here.

Dear girls, all! your mistresses do not look down upon you. When once you have proved yourselves satisfied and interested in what goes on in the home, they will soon show that they are the best friends you can have. They will do all in their power to help you.

As for coming and going by rear doors, eating and entertaining friends in the kitchen, don't let that worry you. We have our nice china and linen and good food. It is no disgrace to enter at a side or rear door, and if your visitors respect you, they will not mind sitting in a comfortable kitchen or in the little sitting room that many mistresses provide for their help.

To be frank, I think too many poor girls prefer low society which is found in factory or restaurant, and such a life, together with poor pay and insanitary conditions, is accepted and preferred to a position in a refined home, where they can learn to manage homes of their own.

And this because in this position they must think and be more attentive than is required of them in a factory or shop.

I am now the mother of three bright baby boys. My husband is an agriculturist, and I would not take anything for what I learned during my four years as a servant. It was a true training for my present profession as housemother.

A SATISFIED WOMAN (Oregon, Wis.).

(No. 6)

You ask if no maid has a kind mistress, and if none of them ever acknowledges that she is comfortable in her situation.

Here is one who is not ashamed to say that she is better off where she is than if she were in a shop, or office, or factory. I have lived ten years in one family as cook and assistant laundress. In all that time I have never had a cross word from my mistress, or any one of the family. She is kind and considerate to me when I am well, and when I fell ill with the grip last winter she had her own doctor attend me, and would not let me pay the bill, or for the woman she had in to take my place while I was laid up. When the news came of my mother's death last spring she was as sympathizing as if it had been her own affliction.

My younger sister has a place on the next block as waitress in just such another family.

All the same, you are right in saying that, as a class, we have the trick of "making a poor mouth," as the saying is. Since I read what you wrote of that I have been mortified at noticing how much of our talk is of the hardships we meet and the failings of our employers. It really seems to be, as you say, a sort of a trick of the trade. And a very ugly habit it is, when there are so many good women who are doing their best by us, and deserve at least a good word from us in return.

M. G. (New York city).

(No. 7)

From my experience, I judge that the well-born woman makes a good mistress, as a rule, and the upstart, on the other hand, is usually a tyrant.

I am the daughter of an Irish engineer, and we came of a good family in the old world. I lost both parents before I was 14, and found myself in a foreign land with a very delicate elder sister and two younger sisters than myself. My education was unfinished. My father taught me a good deal, and my mother took it up when he died. I knew very little, but enough to teach in the primary department of a school in Minnesota. What I have to say is this: In my early home we kept servants. I have been a servant here, and since my marriage I have had servants of my own. I could talk of the vexed question better than I can write of it. I could tell of Christian mistresses who kept their servants for ten, eighteen, twenty-eight and even thirty-five years. One southern slaveholder has kept her French maid fifty years.

Mrs. G. S. (La Moelle, Minn.).

(No. 8)

I cannot claim to be so highly educated as your Swiss correspondent. My learning will never hurt me, but I can manage to say what I mean. I am qualified to earn my living in more ways than one, but I like to do housework. I have had a good deal of experience in working for different ladies.

It is not always the fault of the girl if she is not contented. There is as much difference in mistresses as there is in maids. I worked for one lady in this city on Woodward avenue who is a lady by nature as she is in name. She always has a smile and a pleasant word when she talks to her maids. She never fails to say "Good morning" and "Good night" to them as she would to one of her own family. We girls eat in the kitchen. We go in and out of the back door and are perfectly contented. I know there are lots more like her if the girls would only think so. But "there are others." One, for instance, in another part of town. Her husband is in business and prosperous. The best of everything is none too good for them. But the maid, whom they watched and used like a slave, could set out on her day's work after a breakfast of oatmeal porridge, with skim milk and a piece of rye bread, a cup of coffee with skim milk in it—and nothing else.

I say to a girl: "If you have a place like that, leave it and get a better. There are plenty of good homes with reasonable people." I called at that place two months after I left it, and not until then did I get my last week's pay.

G. S. R. (Detroit, Mich.).

P. S.—This is one thing I should like to suggest: If the employer would provide a place, if only a small room, which maids could use as a sitting room, they would not be out upon the street so much or so late. They are in the kitchen all day, and they do not like to sit there at night if they have company, and it is not always convenient to take them to their rooms. So they must go out. And you know what consequences often follow.

G. S. R.

Allow a personal comment upon your last suggestion. Other housemothers may have been more successful than I in educating maids up to the convenience and pleasure to be had from a private sitting room.

Years agone I fitted up a disused room adjoining a pleasant kitchen and looking across the street into a pretty park as a withdrawing room for my three maids. The walls were painted a soft cream; a carpet of harmonious colors covered the floor. I had several easy chairs, a table and a couch. I even took pains to select several nice engravings for the walls. The room was steam heated. In the two years during which it was reserved for the purpose I have named it was occupied perhaps four evenings. The maids preferred the roomy kitchen as more "sociable-like." I learned incidentally that I was ridiculed among their acquaintances for "trying to make company of my help."

Ten years later I had a veranda built over the lakeward windows of the kitchen in my country home. Vines were trained to curtain it, and I set there a small rustic table and three rocking chairs. A more secluded and inviting nook could hardly be imagined. It was set apart for the servants' evening retreat. Not one of them cared for it. On the hottest of dogday nights the moon looked through vines upon vacant rockers, while those I had hoped to make comfortable by the device gossiped in laundry and kitchen in the flare of gaslight and lamps with the gardener and his good-looking nephews, the beaux of the region.

And why not? Every farmer's and mechanic's family in the township and city does the same. It is "more sociable" because more homelike.

(No. 9)

I have been maid-of-all-work in one place for twelve years, and am quite content with my lot in life. I have small wages, but receive kindness that means more to me than money. My friends give me abundance of advice about "bettering myself," but I pay no attention to them. I wish the readers of the Exchange to know there is one maid at least who has a good word to say of her mistress.

My motto is: "It is better to quit if you are not satisfied than to keep on complaining."

E. A. S. (Brooklyn, N. Y.).

Bravo! for a sensible girl who knows when she is well off and also to speak her mind briefly and to the point.

(No. 10)

After a long period of nursing and teaching, I thought it would be a rest to care for children in a family. It was like jumping from the frying pan into the fire. I spent one year with a family where there were five small children. I did the work of a second housemaid and looked after the children. My day's work usually ended at 9 P. M. Occasionally, I had to help wait at a dinner party until 10 or later. I had one evening a week after 8 P. M. I spent most of my time indoors. The view from my window was roofs and chimneys, and I could not see these without standing upon a chair.

It was hard for me to eat in the kitchen, and often there was barely enough left for the "help," as we were called. Being obliged to enter and leave the house by the back door made me feel like a nobody. I felt that my position as governess was equal to that of the seamstress, who had the same privileges as the family, and she had no education to speak of.

Thirteen cooks were employed in that house during the year I spent there, and all left on account of ill-treatment and overwork. I do not believe any girl is comfortable in mind or in body while doing housework, and I believe that American "madams" are selfish. They consider the maid as a machine, and think it is enough if she is well paid and kept in good running order. Since I left that house I feel like a prisoner set free. I am now a nurse in a hospital and enjoy my freedom.

M. C. (Wampaca, Wis.).

Readers will agree with me that treatment such as is described here as the lot of a nursery governess is rare in the extreme. The behavior of employers so underbred as the parents of the five children can hardly be accepted as that of any class of decent men and women in this country.

With this symposium our discussion of the mistress and maid question will rest with our public. It has drawn out a mass of testimony highly creditable to both the parties represented. I am especially pleased with the excellent spirit and fair-mindedness exhibited by our maids, and congratulate the Exchange upon including so intelligent a body of readers and correspondents in our big family.

From One Who Plays Fair

I do enjoy reading of other housekeepers' experiences, and I will try to "play fair" by sending some of my own.

1. A good way to prepare for sweeping is to put on a gown with short sleeves, short skirt and "Dutch neck." An old bathing cap makes a good covering for the head in sweeping. Rub vaseline into each nostril before beginning to sweep, to keep the dust out of the throat and lungs. Rub the hands with a little vaseline to keep them soft. Rosewater and bay rum, after washing, keep them white.

2. Black pot lifters are nicer looking than white. Make them of worn-out stockings. Cut the stocking down the back of the leg and the sole of the feet. Fold the foot first to the desired size and then fold this into the leg. Sew around the edges. These may be washed daily if necessary and kept as clean as white holders.

3. A little powdered alum in cold starch gives a beautiful gloss to collars and cuffs.

A Left-Over

Butter a bakedish; line the bottom with fine crumbs; next, put a layer of hashed meat; then one of macaroni; a second layer of crumbs, and so on, until the dish is filled. Pour over all half a can of tomatoes and bake. It is "mighty good" if a little chili be added. If the meat has been cooked before (the macaroni must be), the dish will be ready for table in half an hour.

5. A dainty cooky for luncheon is the maple marguerite. Another is the homemade peanut wafer. Both are easily made.

A 19-YEAR-OLD HOUSEWIFE (Pueblo, Col.).

If you go on as you have begun, you will take high rank among our housemothers by the time you are 33. You would have "played fairer" had you treated us to recipes for the cookies and wafers. Do it next time.

FAMILY MEALS FOR A WEEK

SUNDAY

BREAKFAST

Melons, cereal and cream, Spanish omelet, cornmeal muffins, toast, tea and coffee.

LUNCHEON

Veal loaf, Saratoga potatoes, toasted muffins from breakfast, tomato aspic upon lettuce with French dressing, crackers and cheese, fruit surprise, cake, tea.

DINNER

Corn chowder, roast shoulder of lamb (stuffed), green peas, summer squash, peach pie with cream, black coffee.

MONDAY

BREAKFAST

Oranges, cereal and cream, finnan haddie, baked potatoes, brown bread, toast, tea and coffee.

LUNCHEON

Veal loaf (sliced and garnished with cress), souffle of green peas (a left-over), minced potatoes (a left-over), thin bread and butter, iced fruits, tea.

DINNER

Cream of squash soup (a left-over), cold lamb sliced, deviled and fried in batter; lima beans, stuffed eggplant, apple sauce, shortcake, black coffee.

TUESDAY

BREAKFAST

Grapefruit, cereal and cream, bacon and fried green tomatoes, whole wheat bread, toast, tea and coffee.

LUNCHEON

Canned salmon a la Newburg, potatoes boiled in their jackets, baked tomato toast, lettuce salad, crackers and cheese, watermelon, ginger ale.

DINNER

Vegetable soup, baked beefsteak a la jardiniere, creamed onions, young beets cooked with the tops on, oranges and bananas cut up and sugared, cake, black coffee.

WEDNESDAY

BREAKFAST

Melons, cereal and cream, butterfish, potato cakes, toast, tea and coffee.

LUNCHEON

Savory ragout of beef and onions (a left-over), salad of young beets and tops upon lettuce (a left-over), heated crackers and pot cheese, baked pears and cream, tea.

DINNER

Yesterday's soup, curried fowl, boiled rice, spinach, iced bananas, served with the curry; peaches and cream, cake, black coffee.

THURSDAY

BREAKFAST

Nutmeg melons, cereal and cream, bacon, boiled eggs, rice muffins, toast, tea and coffee.

LUNCHEON

Jellied bouillon in cups, egg timbales, scalloped potatoes, bread and butter, gooseberry marmalade with heated crackers and pot cheese, tea.

DINNER

Curry soup (a left-over), fresh beef's tongue (breaded), succotash, vegetable marrow, prune and nut jelly, sponge cake, black coffee.

FRIDAY

BREAKFAST

Oranges, cereal and cream, bacon and fried hominy, rolls, toast, tea and coffee.

LUNCHEON

Deviled clams, thin graham bread and butter, cress salad, crackers and Swiss cheese, fruit, iced tea.

DINNER

Cream of pea soup (without meat), soft-shell crabs, potato croquettes, peach ice cream, cake, black coffee.

SATURDAY

BREAKFAST

Melons, cereal and cream, stewed eels, fried potatoes, quick biscuits, toast, tea and coffee.

LUNCHEON

Fritters (an Italian dish), potatoes (au gratin), breakfast biscuits warmed over, bread and butter, baked sweet apples and cream, tea.

DINNER

Yesterday's soup (adding tomatoes), hamburger steaks, mounded and baked; pilau of green peppers and rice, young turnips, cocoanut custard, black coffee.

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AROUND THE TOWN

A fine showing of Wainwright District potatoes are on exhibition at the store of Washburn & Mills. These potatoes were grown at Gilltedge and are a fine sample of the district. The largest of the variety weighs over three pounds.

A party of chicken sports went to Big Manitou Lake on Sunday last for a weeks' outing. Mr. W. J. Musson was the only local member of the party. The rest of the marksmen included several Grand Trunk trainmen who were picked up farther down the line.

Rev J. A. James, formerly of Wainwright, visited here this week on business. Mr. James is now occupying the pastorate of the Presbyterian Church at Daysland and likes the town well.

Mr. G. H. Hermans, late of Tracoma, Wash., arrived in town on Monday to locate on a homestead twelve miles north of Wainwright. Mr. Hermans is particularly taken with this part of the country and considers it the best farming district in Central Alberta.

E. C. Logan of the Wainwright Pharmacy, accompanied by Mr. Stanley McLuhan went to Chauvin on Monday last to open a new drug and stationery store. The store will be under the management of Mr. McLuhan and will be operated as a branch of the Wainwright Pharmacy.

Mr. and Mrs. Marble Dube left on Sunday last for Winnipeg, Mr. Dube having been promoted to Locomotive Foreman at Rivers. During their stay in Wainwright, Mr. and Mrs. Dube have made a host of friends who will wish them every success, in their promotion.

Messrs. Washburn, Buckley, Mills and Forsythe visited Baxter Lake on Tuesday last and secured seventy eight duck. Although they were somewhat disappointed in not securing a few geese, many were nevertheless seen. This was very unfortunate as Mr. Washburn and Mr. Buckley were anxious to decide who should hold the gold button for live birds.

A mare owned by Jack Forsyth gave birth to twin colts on Tuesday last, but soon after died. The colts were perfectly formed and had they lived, would have developed into a fine team. There was much weeping on the part of poor "Jack" when he was compelled to bury them under the cold, wet sod. When the Chinese Laundrymen who live next door to the stable saw that they were dead they shuddered and turned pale and fled from the barn in holy horror.

Messrs Walsh & Stanfield of Cummings, passed through here this week on their way from Montana, with a bunch of fine horses. They travelled on horseback from Milk River, Montana, having been on the road but a very short time.

R. B. Davison and "Bert" Laird returned on Monday from Baxter Lake with a bag of 120 ducks, and also thirty prairie chickens. It seems that these two gentlemen must have some mysterious way of enticing the birds within the range of their guns, for this season they have already secured over four hundred ducks.

W. B. Crawford

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